

REFLECTING the MAGIC

of HOLLYWOOD

Silver Screen

10¢

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December

LARGEST
NEWSSTAND
SALE OF
ANY SCREEN
MAGAZINE



Leila
Hyams

A Chat With

LEILA HYAMS

**Have the
STARS FOUND NEW LOVE IDEALS?**

His disguise was perfect—did she really know it was her husband when she surrendered to him...?

Don't miss this new type of love story—saucy—witty—naughty—gay!

Enjoy this daringly unconventional picture which marks the screen debut of the greatest lovers on the American stage—in a picturization of their famous success—"The Guardsman". Here is a totally new thrill for the motion picture public.



Idols of the American Stage, they bring their genius to the talking screen in the prize picture of the year. A new triumph for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer!

famous stars of "Goat Song," "Caprice," "Elizabeth the Queen" and other stage triumphs, in

The
GUARDSMAN

with

ROLAND YOUNG — ZASU PITTS
From the play by Ferenc Molnar
Screen play by Ernest Vajda
Directed by SIDNEY FRANKLIN

By Courtesy
of the Theatre
Guild, Inc.

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

The YELLOW TICKET

She wore the brand of outcast as a badge of courage. Trapped by Russian intrigue, hounded by police, she fought gloriously. For love, she faced disgrace...through love, she won victory...Superb drama, superbly acted. Elissa Landi...exotic, fascinating. Lionel Barrymore...polished, sinister. Laurence Olivier...suave, romantic. A great story of elemental hate and enduring love!

WATCH
FOR
THESE
TWO
GREAT
PICTURES
FROM



Know all men by these presents: that
I, Anna Merrell, TOWN OF Kiev
HEREBY GRANTED THE PRIVILEGE OF RESIDENCE
TO ANY PART OF THE CZAR'S DOMINIONS
Anna Merrell
19 5ft Black hair Brown Eyes
Known Russia
AGER MUST REPORT TO THE POLICE
FIRST OF EVERY MONTH



OVER THE HILL

Gay and tender and deeply moving, it brings a lump to your throat and chases it with a chuckle. A true and heart-stirring tribute to love, brimming with action... And what a cast! James Dunn and Sally Eilers... first time together since never-to-be-forgotten "Bad Girl." Mae Marsh...idol of the silent days, and the grandest bunch of kids you ever laughed yourself weak over!

92

REFLECTING THE MAGIC of HOLLYWOOD

VOLUME
TWO
NUMBER
TWO

Silver Screen

DECEMBER
NINETEEN
THIRTY ONE

ELIOT KEEN

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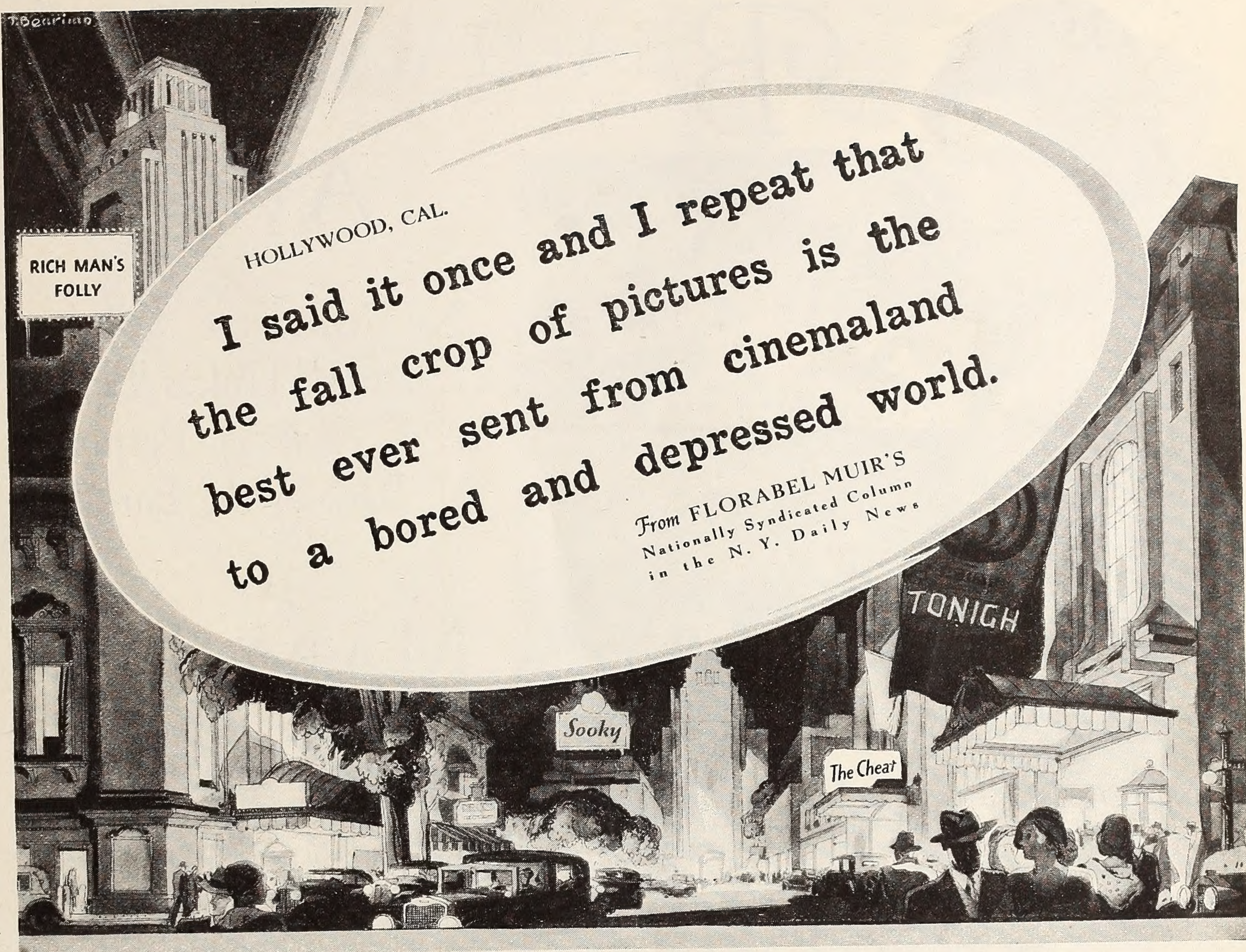
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COVER PORTRAIT
OF LEILA HYAMS
BY JOHN ROLSTON CLARKE

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and most of them are
P A R A M O U N T !



"24 HOURS"

with Clive Brook, Kay Francis, Miriam Hopkins
and Regis Toomey

Based on the novel by Louis Bromfield
Directed by Marion Gering

"THE BELOVED BACHELOR"

With Paul Lukas, Dorothy Jordan, Charlie Ruggles
Vivienne Osborne. Directed by Lloyd Corrigan

RUTH CHATTERTON

in "Once A Lady" with

Ivor Novello, Jill Esmond, Geoffrey Kerr
Directed by Guthrie McClintic

"TOUCHDOWN!"

With Richard Arlen, Peggy Shannon, Jack Oakie,
Regis Toomey and Charles Starrett.
Directed by Norman McLeod.

Never were they better—the Paramount Jubilee Pictures you can see now! And never was great entertainment more necessary than now. In good pictures we lose ourselves completely in the affairs of others—forget the trials and tribulations of a day—get renewed strength and vigor for the next. ¶ Go regularly and often—and take the whole family with you! It keeps you together, and great pictures, such as Paramount, give you something to talk about for days! "If it's a Paramount picture, it's the best show in town!"

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION, ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BUILDING, N. Y.



BEAUTY to GIVE AWAY

No Mistletoe Works
Effectively Unless There
is a Hint of Perfume
Back of the Ears

By

MARY LEE

Evelyn Brent delights in little gifts of delicate scents in pretty bottles

EXCITEMENT! Well—rather. Santa Claus must have made a visit to the manufacturers and said something like this, "See here, now, my children (and that means the grown-ups too) are pretty poor this year, but I insist that we give them a happy Christmas anyway. Because they need to be happy this year—happier than in more prosperous years. Now I suggest that you pull prices down within reach, so that everyone can have his share of joy in giving and keep cheer in circulation."

And just to show what a great influence Santa Claus has with the manufacturers they agreed with him and went to work on turning out the most alluring bargains at unbelievable prices.

I have gone shopping for you among the cosmeticians and perfumers to save you time, money and energy. I have found a number of interesting items that will please every woman to the depth of her beauty-loving soul. The men, too, have been considered, and even the little tots.

There has never been a time when toilet requisites have been more appropriate for gifts than now, for the reason that they are always needed. We are urged to be practical in our giving this year, but in giving luxurious toilet items we can be practical, luxurious and dainty all at the same time.

Since it is smart to be thrifty, it is a wise dollar that buys a gift that has a double use. I mean, for instance, that attractive bath set of Yardley's bath salts and dusting powder packaged in a sturdy, but decorative container that can easily serve as a stocking box of two compartments after the contents have been removed. \$4. Such a selection is not only a double-use gift but could serve as a community present to two sisters or two girls living together. I am assuming, of course, that your gift list this year is cut down to only your most intimate friends and near relatives.

In this time of strict economy it will relieve pocket-book strain to give community gifts. Send one thing to

a family you want to remember—something the whole family can use and enjoy. If you cannot afford a present for each individual member of a household then group them for Christmas purposes thus saving yourself money and embarrassment. You could not, of course, give a lip-stick to two girls, but a welcome gift to a houseful of females would be Elizabeth Arden's lip-stick ensemble, an attractive case holding six alluring shades of rouge. \$5. Such soft colors! One for each costume and mood, night and day, if given to one woman, as well as being a selection for several women.

Another group gift is Isabey's Petite Coffret (little chest) of perfumes, an oblong case containing five small bottles of Isabey's popular floral odors—*Le Jasmine*, *Le Lilas*, *Le Gardenia*, *Le Bleu de Chine* (my choice) and *Le Mimosa*—all for \$5, formerly ten dollars.

But for one woman, why look any farther for a charming gift at a very moderate price when you can buy Coty's Beauty Kit for \$2.50. They call it the "globe-trotter", because so many women who travel extensively find it such a convenience as to size and con-

tents. For in it is everything needed to care for the skin. Yet it is so small and compact that it might also be called the "week-ender". Good-looking too! In a neutral tan, simulated "lizard-calf", fitted with a large mirror that enables you to see your whole face, and containing Coty's liquefying cleansing-cream, rich tissue-cream, skin-tonic to stimulate and refresh, a powder foundation, either liquid or cream, and cleansing tissues—it is a per-

[Continued on page 80]

Mary Lee Will Help You to Beauty Free

Just write to Mary Lee and she will help you with your personal problems of beauty—weight, skin, hair. If you would like her personal advice send her a stamped and addressed envelope. Mary Lee's address is care of SILVER SCREEN, 45 West 45th Street, New York City



Get acquainted with

JOE E. BROWN

The Clown Prince of the Talkies

"LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD"

with DOROTHY LEE

Based on a play by J. C. and Elliott Nugent
Directed by MERVYN LEROY

He is a storm of laughs just being himself, and when he is "two other fellows" he is a cyclone of merriment . . . Get acquainted with this merry madcap of nonsense! . . . this hilarious and uproarious comic! . . . the laugh-master of them all! . . . His next picture is "LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD". . . Don't miss it, or the other blues-chasing comedies featuring this Gulliver of Glee soon to appear at your local theatre . . . You'll have the laugh-time of your life.

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE STAR

LOVE AND HISSES!!



THE Lovers and Hissers have had quite a time this month over Norma Shearer and her "Free Soul". When the arguments were not about the theme they burst into praise for Gable and Lionel Barrymore—rarely has a picture aroused so much comment. Joan Crawford got herself spoken to sharply about her hair, but as Joan had decided about the same thing, everyone now is happy.

Fredric March is steadily growing in popularity. Do you feel like speaking your mind? There are three prizes for letters not longer than 200 words. \$15 First Prize; \$10 Second and \$5 Third.

FIRST PRIZE

WHY all the frantic decrying of hair dyeing, dieting, extreme costuming and other devices the stars employ in their search of beauty? What if Joan does dye her hair? What if Garbo is anæmic-looking? What if Harlow is bizarre?

Why do we go to the movies primarily? Isn't it to escape from reality, from prosaic, every-day happenings, from uninteresting people and dull surroundings? We go to thrill to tales of adventure that we cannot experience ourselves, except vicariously. We go to watch glamorous, exotically-beautiful women. We go, in short, to see something different from that which we see around us every day.

What makes the outstanding stars fascinating? Beauty? It abounds behind department store counters. Charm? It surfeits every college campus. It is something more than these two attributes. It is the odd, the unusual, even fantastic, phases of their appearance that make the stars recurrently lovely. Consider Garbo, Dietrich, Harlow, Bennett, Swanson, Crawford, Del Rio. "Unnatural" looking, all of them. Swanson doesn't look like the stenographer at the next desk. Bennett doesn't remind us of the cute co-ed across the street. Mere "natural" prettiness is what makes the Mary Brians and the Dorothy Jordans colorless after a few pictures. They have no peculiar physical quirks of appearance to pique our imaginations and refresh our jaded eyes.

As for clothes—the more unconventional, the better. Let Shearer and Harlow wear their daring costumes. We can see more conservative models on the street any day.

May "unnatural" looking stars and ingenious fashion designers continue to make the movies the glorious escape they are for us who live in a less colorful, work-a-day world.

Alice Simpson

SECOND PRIZE

I AM still waiting to be enlightened on a question that is something of a pet of mine. Why are we fed modern divorce, modern gang, and modern vice pictures all of the time when there are some of us, who are sincere fans too by the way, who would like very much to see something simple, entertaining, and refreshing once in a while?

I am a modern. I live a modern life, think modern thoughts, and do those things which are said to be characteristic of our age. But when I go to a movie theatre I want to relax and forget myself, and most of all forget this jazz-mad life for a time, even though it be for only a couple of hours.

I am pleading for the type of picture which presents something in life other than divorce, killing, and vice. I am looking forward to the time when we will be offered more pictures of the type of "Daddy Long Legs". I have nothing but the highest praise for the producers, directors and players who, even though it be once in every two or three hundred pictures, give us something that is, to say the least, *different*.

Chas. F. Webb

THIRD PRIZE

WALTER PICHEL deserves a vehicle in which he can use that charming voice and splendid court-room manner to their full advantage. He had to fill the part of the straight-laced husband of Ruth Chatterton in "The Right to Love" and didn't do so bad. He was great in "Murder by the Clock", though he was not in his best character. His voice, his hands, his laugh, his hair and his expression put ninety per cent of the shivers in that very shivery picture. Then in "The American Tragedy", though his rôle was not so extensive or sympathetic as those of the main characters, it was quite evident that he was the star. His court scene equals Portia's in "The Merchant of Venice". He is great. He should have a picture that does him justice.

Helen E. Dunn

NO FOOLING

THERE are two stars who are the most favorite of my favorites. They are: Ramon Novarro and Barbara Stanwyck.

Ramon has given us good, clean, entertaining performances for the last seven years. And Barbara? Well, she has only been with us two or three years and I think that she is a first class actress. Who can ever forget "Night Nurse" or "The Miracle Woman"? Also, who can forget Ramon's superb acting in "Scaramouche", "Ben Hur", "The Devil May Care" and "Son of India"? Both of these stars *can act*, no fool-

ing. They don't just walk around and say their lines; they are the characters themselves. They live the characters' lives and speak the characters' words right from their own hearts. That is what a REAL actor or actress must be able to do to be really great. Ramon and Barbara are Great.

Frances Dowlin

HUH?

WHAT has Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor done to deserve the rôles they had in "Merely Mary Ann"? Two such brilliant and clever stars should have never been cast in this production. The plot was too weak and imaginary. Why not have juveniles in pictures of this type, instead of this famous duo?

Why not give these two more rôles like Chico and Diane in "Seventh Heaven"?

Please, oh, please, whoever is responsible, don't put Charlie and Janet in any more "Merely Mary Ann" rôles.

H. E. Graham

HUH?

COULD they put a sweeter couple on the screen than Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell? Could they screen a better picture than "Merely Mary Ann"? I think Janet Gaynor is as sweet as you could make her. And Mr. Farrell! Gee, I could break a leg in front of his door.

Every one goes big for that dimple in Janet's chin. If you didn't notice it take a look the next time. She's so tiny and thin that every time you look at her you could kiss her.

Come on you Gaynor-Farrell fans let's give them three cheers for being the most lovable and collegiate couple on the screen.

Phyllis Gewerth

"REGUSTED"

WE IN the provinces are dependent on the talkies for entertainment, since road shows are no more. But can we cultured folk accept some of the vulgar scenes which a great majority of movies contain?

In viewing them, "I am regusted". Why must there be a dirty streak? That doesn't increase the ticket sales, for some of the most ardent fans are giving up pictures, rather than be embarrassed by them.

J. M. Nelson

An Idea That Grew Until It Had Remade Thousands of Futile Lives..

... turning failure into success, remolding personality, bringing new personal power and influence, new friendships and popularity, new culture and a richer, bigger life. Basic principles and methods that YOU can use in your everyday life now revealed.

Now in a fascinating book that you may read for five days free!

DO you ever hunger for new activities, new contacts, new friendships? Do you feel dissatisfied because your life is a deadly routine of humdrum happenings? Have you a feeling that somehow, sometime you slid into a rut and now you are only *half-alive* mentally, that you lack the power and dynamic personality to achieve your greatest aims in life?

If this pictures you even in part then this story is for *you*. It is the story of an idea—and of the power of an idea!

Ten years ago a person like yourself felt life slipping away—nothing really vital ever happening in either business or social life.

Birth of A Great Movement

But that person had an idea, a plan to try, to make new contacts and friends and from this starting point develop new interests that would make life richer in culture, in achievement, and enjoyment.

With this hope that "maybe . . . perhaps" a more vital, less futile life could be lived, there was developed in actual practice a definite plan and methods. From these beginnings, in the next ten years thousands of men and women, young and old, in all walks of life, joined this movement for keeping mentally alive and getting the most out of life. Lead-

ing educators and psychologists endorsed the plan. One enthusiast told another. And so the movement grew. *And in every case the plan worked!*

Now YOU Can Use This Plan

Now, so that new thousands may follow these tried and proved methods, the complete plan has been outlined in detail in a fascinating book.

There is nothing "general" about the recommendations in this book. It tells you in specific terms how to deal with the chief problems and events in your daily business, social, and home life to make them contribute to your greatest progress. The panel on the left of this page suggests the tremendous scope of the contents.

Send No Money—No C.O.D.

Reading this book will be one of the most thrilling experiences of your life. It doesn't call for "studying." You read it as you would a book of fiction or any ordinary book. It supplies principles and methods that you can put into practice within five minutes—and reap the benefits at once!

"Keeping Mentally Alive" will be a revelation to you. So certain are we of this that we want you to read the book at our expense. All you need do to receive the book is to mail at once the coupon below. You may read it and use it for five days without cost. If you don't feel that it is one of the greatest things that ever happened in your life return it at our expense. If you decide to keep it, to help you get the things you want from life, send only \$3 in full payment after five days.

You can't afford to miss owning this remarkable book. So don't "put off"—mail the coupon at once for your copy. Address: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, (Dept. 6612), 2 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

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YES—send me *Keeping Mentally Alive* for five days' free reading. If I keep it I will send only \$3 in full payment after five days. If it isn't what I want I will return it at your expense within the five days. Send to:

My Name.....

St. and No.....

City and State.....

What this amazing book offers you...

There is nothing mysterious about the methods put forward in *Keeping Mentally Alive*. Below are listed just some of the ways the book helps you to get the most out of life. If you lack even a few of these personal qualities you are only *half-alive* mentally, seriously handicapping yourself in both business and social life. Divisions of the book tell you—

- .. how to win mental efficiency
- .. how to talk interestingly and persuasively
- .. how to win and hold friends
- .. how to develop a dynamic personality
- .. how to increase personal popularity
- .. how to put your ideas across to individuals and groups
- .. how to add to your contacts, interests, and activities
- .. how to make your working hours more interesting and resultful
- .. how to bring harmony and happiness into your life
- .. how to get more enjoyment from your leisure hours
- .. how to overcome an inferiority complex
- .. how to overcome mental fatigue, boredom, and indifference
- .. how to overcome abnormal sensitiveness, shyness, and timidity
- .. how to inspire affection and loyalty
- .. how to develop your memory
- .. how to develop your imagination
- .. how to get the most out of your reading
- .. how to direct your will power
- .. how to balance mental, physical, and emotional energy
- .. how to be at ease, interesting, and impressive in any surroundings
- .. how to master and use conversational control in all personal contacts

Accept a copy of this vital book for five days' free reading

Tell us where to send your copy of "Keeping Mentally Alive." Then let it *prove* to you how it can remold your personality and bring out the hidden powers within you—make you the new man or woman you want to be. Tear out and mail the coupon now—before it is too late.

TALKIES in TABLOID



Paul Muni and Ann Dvorak in Howard Hughes' "Scarface"—the gangster picture to end gangster pictures

(These brief reviews are just long enough to serve as sign posts; to point your way to the pictures that you will want to see—or stay away from.)

Being Talked About—

"THE GUARDSMAN"

The picture that has aroused so much discussion among the Intelligentsia

"ALEXANDER HAMILTON"

It is unforgettable

"FIVE STAR FINAL"

Terrifically thrilling. It awakens your civic fury, or something

"MERELY MARY ANN"

How did Zangwill know when he wrote this thirty years ago that you would like it? You will

AGE FOR LOVE. Billie Dove comes back —and better than ever. The picture raises the ever vital question: Should a woman seek love and a home or love and a career? The heroine, who has fought for freedom of womankind, marries a chap who wants a home and babies. Who wins? Lois Wilson and Edward Everett Horton are in the cast.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON George Arliss again gives one of his superb performances. He plays the rôle of Alexander Hamilton, the great American statesman of the nineteenth century. Hounded by jealous politicians, Hamilton goes noble to protect his country. It's even more thrilling than "Disraeli". Doris Kenyon, June Collyer and Dudley Diggs are in the cast.

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY This is a gripping, unusual picture that will thrill you with its sincere direction and superb acting. It's the story of a sex-starved boy who murders a factory girl to keep from marrying her. Tragic and depressing, but not sordid. Sylvia Sidney and Phillips Holmes are splendid.

BAD GIRL Here's something new in masculine appeal, girls! Talking about James Dunn, the bad-boy-husband of "Bad Girl". You'll be cur-razy about him—and the picture too! It's the film version of Vina Delmar's best seller of the same name, and it's all about a young couple who are trying to make a go of marriage. Underneath all the

smart remarks you will find a lot to think about. Sally Eilers makes a good "Bad Girl".

BOUGHT *Splendid* (Warners)

Connie Bennett is still a sophisticated sinner, and if you are a Connie Bennett fan you will be wild about this picture. Connie again plays the rôle of a young girl who wants nice things—and all that. Ben Lyon and Raymond Millard help her get them.

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE *Fair* (Fox)

This was originally Booth Tarkington's "The Plutocrat" but the author would never recognize it now. Will Rogers plays a safety razor king from the Middle West bound for Europe with his family. Rival steel kings engage Jetta Goudal to vamp him. Rogers gets all mixed up with Arab chiefs and things, but it isn't very funny.

CAUGHT PLASTERED *Fair* (Radio)

Wheeler and Woolsey as a couple of vaudeville actors out of work get hold of a drug store and run it in a rather hysterical manner. Dorothy Lee enters into the fun and it's all quite crazy with plenty of laughs. There are some new wise-cracks—and some old favorites.

DANGEROUS AFFAIR, THE *Fair* (Columbia)

Another one of those clutching hand, mysterious, will-must-be-read-by-midnight affairs. Ralph Graves plays a newspaper man and Jack Holt a police lieutenant, both deadly rivals for the favors of the lovely Sally Blane. If you aren't too sophisticated you'll have shivers when you see it.

EAST OF BORNEO *Good* (Universal)

This isn't another "Trader Horn" but it is very near it for excitement. A young girl is seeking her husband who is now a reigning prince's physician in Borneo. Plenty of wild animal thrills and blood-curdling escapades. Charles Bickford and Rose Hobart are grand.

FANNY FOLEY HERSELF *Good* (Radio)

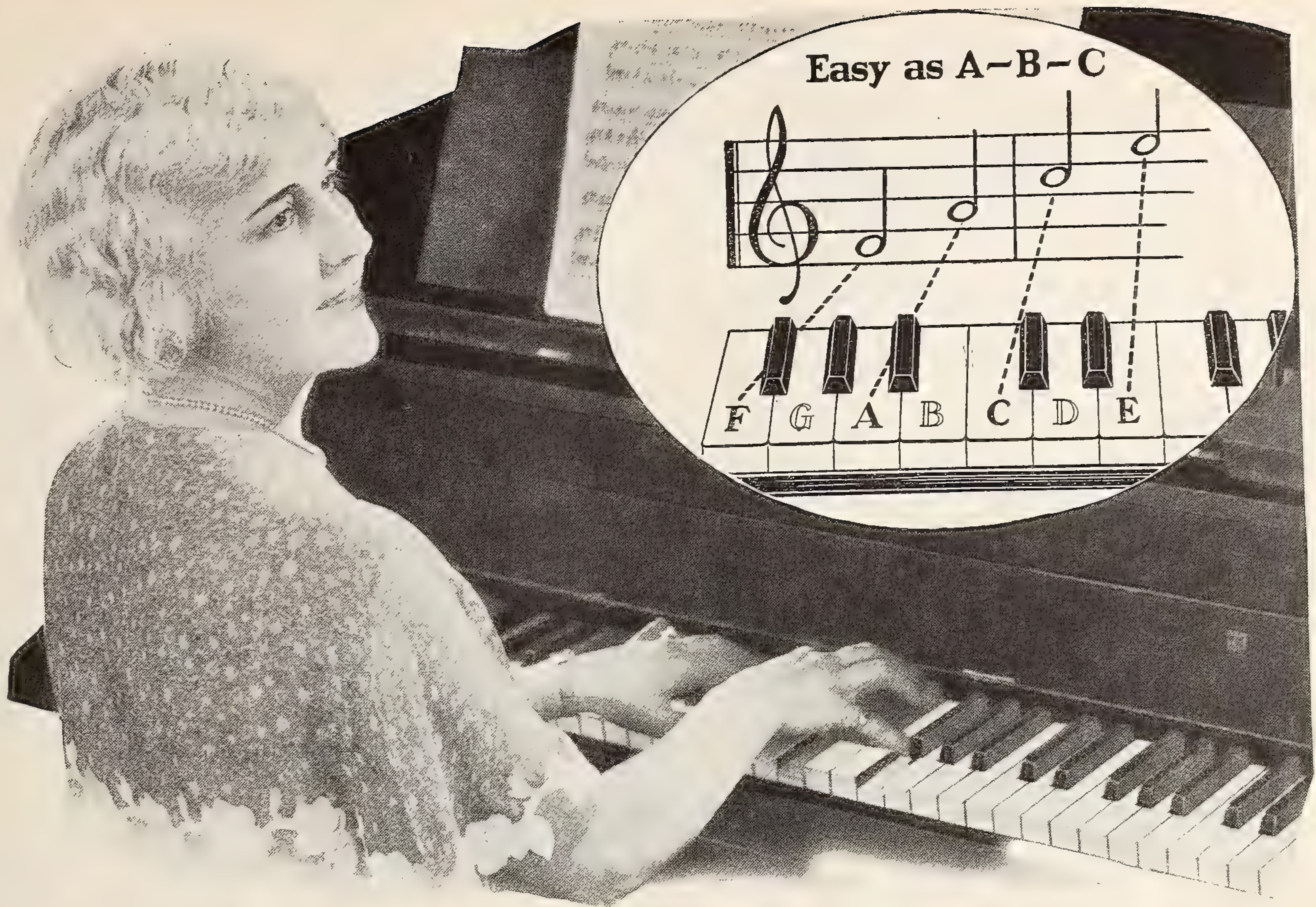
This picture's about a woman who has become a famous comedienne on the New York stage, and at the same time has sent two daughters to a fashionable and snooty finishing school. When the daughters learn that mother is an actress—well, it's just too bad. Edna May Oliver is perfect as the comedienne and Helen Chandler and Rochelle Hudson are the daughters.

FIVE AND TEN *Fair* (M-G-M)

This picture is supposed to prove the curse of wealth and make you glad you aren't burdened with a lot of stocks and bonds. Marion Davies, as a daughter of a millionaire, gets involved in a scandal with Leslie Howard, her mother runs off with a gigolo, and her brother commits suicide. But there's a happy ending.

FREE SOUL, A *Great* (M-G-M)

A triumph for Norma Shearer and Lionel Barrymore, who plays a drunken attorney who teaches his daughter to believe in the freedom of love. The scenes between Norma Shearer and Clark Gable as a gangster with whom she becomes involved are tremendous, and there is a gripping court-room climax in which the honors go to Lionel Barrymore. [Continued on page 59]



Too Old to Learn Music?

Hardly. Not after thousands and thousands of men and women between the ages of 30 and 50 have enrolled with the famous U. S. School of Music and have learned to play their favorite instruments without the slightest difficulty or waste of time!

WHAT has your age got to do with learning music when you now have a method at your disposal that has done away with compulsory practice—that has tabooed monotonous scales and harsh-sounding finger gymnastics—that has slashed expensive fees—that makes *you* the boss instead of requiring a personal teacher.

If, year after year, hundreds and hundreds of children, scarcely in their "teens," learn to read notes and play a musical instrument with only our printed instructions and illustrated diagrams to guide them, think how simple it must be for older people to follow, benefit and progress rapidly in this home-study manner.

Always Fascinating

You can't go wrong. You'll never lose patience. Not only will you *want* to study—you'll actually look forward to the "next lesson" when you study music the U. S. School way.

And no wonder. You spend a little time each day in the privacy of your own home seeing and hearing your musical dreams come true. There's no personal teacher to take orders from—no intricate explanations to baffle you—no trust-to-luck tactics. For right with you at all times are our concise print and picture instructions keeping you on the right track—telling you what to play and showing you how to play it—taking you over a delightful short-cut to musical accomplishment. Each new lesson contains a new thrill. For the entire course from the very beginning to the end is brimful of cheer-

ful, tuneful selections which you eagerly learn to play *by note*.

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ASK ME ANOTHER

By
SALLY FORTH

THE chatterer of Hollywood, Sally FORTH, will be glad to answer your questions about movies or stars or both. The fewer your questions and the shorter the answers required, the quicker she can answer you. But she's scolded if she answers questions about religion and she can't give home addresses or advise anyone how to break into the movies. Write Sally at SILVER SCREEN, 45 West 45th Street, New York City, giving your full name and address. For personal replies enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

ELAINE: Well, well, well, you have got it bad. Don't your boy friends resent this Gable infatuation—or are they only too glad to take you to see a Gable picture just for the chance of holding your hand when What-A-Man comes on the screen? Maybe they think those shivers are due to the cooling system. Get yourself a good hand-holder, when you go to see "Mirage" for they say that Clark out-Gables himself in that picture in which he appears opposite Joan Crawford. It's in production now so you won't have to wait long. Yes, alackaday, the lad is married. Try to bear it.

And you are complaining because SILVER SCREEN had three pictures *only* of Clark in the October issue. Well, after all . . . Anyway I hope you didn't miss the cave man story about him in the November issue, and if you'll just turn to page 28 right this minute you'll see something that will send your temperature soaring.

HORSES: What a peculiar nickname you have. How did you get it? Bob Montgomery's next picture will be "Private Lives" in which he co-stars with Norma Shearer. After that he will star in "Courage" which was written for him by none other than the great Frederick Lonsdale. I'm sure you'll get a big kick out of both of those pictures. Leon Janney is appearing in "Penrod and Sam," the picturized version of Booth Tarkington's novel. You'll see Lilyan Tashman next in "Girls About Town". Lil's having a gay time vacationing in Europe now—and who do you suppose is her companion in crime? Eddie Lowe, of course, her dearest friend and severest critic and onliest husband.

BOOTS: How you and a dozen or so other fans did ride me on that mistake I made in the October issue. I'm still blushing with shame. But please, mister, have a heart, and give a gal a chance to explain. When "This Modern Age" was originally made (and confer with the original scenario in the script department if you don't believe me—you old Missourians) Monroe Owsley won Joan for better or worse in a legal way. But the M-G-M powers-that-be thought things over and decided on a few changes. They took Marjorie Rambeau out and put Pauline Frederick in her place AND they changed the ending so that Neil Hamilton got the girl. And they forgot to notify me of their changes, the meanies, so I blissfully sent in my answers to SILVER SCREEN not knowing the pitfall that was awaiting me. Am I forgiven?

And you'll probably shake your fingers at me again because I said that Claudette Colbert and Gary Cooper would play together in "Sal of Singapore". Well, my children, in September it was "Sal of Singapore", but October found it changed to "Blind Cargo", and—oh cruel fate—it's now "His Woman". Before it's released it may be six other things. I dunno, I dunno. Life's hard enough without that.

S.O.S.: Of course Ronald Colman reads his fan mail. A star never gets too blasé or sophisticated to take an active interest in his fans, and Ronald is far away from the blasé state. He was born in England on February 9, 1891, and he is five feet eleven inches in height and weighs 155 pounds. He lives in Los Angeles and tennis is his favorite sport. He and Dick Barthelmess are the best of friends and Colman is often a guest on the Barthelmess yacht. Ronald is by no means a recluse and he goes to a party when he is interested in the people giving it—but he doesn't party around all the time just for the sake of having some place to go. He has never "gone Hollywood" as the expression is.

DORIS: Joan Crawford did not wear a wig in "This Modern Age". She bleached her hair during the summer and was quite stunning looking with blonde hair and sun tan. She has decided that she likes her auburn hair better though so she is letting it regain its natural color. Bebe Daniels bleached her hair last spring to change her "personality". Yes, it was bleached when you saw her in "The Maltese Falcon". Ben Lyon highly approves of Bebe's blonde locks (which makes Ben almost unique among



Janet Gaynor in the arms where she first found fame and fortune—Charles Farrell's of course

husbands) so Bebe may remain a blonde for some time.

So far as I know the great Garbo has no intentions of returning to Sweden any time soon. But I do know for a fact that she has not been sick recently. She worked hard on "Susan Lenox" all late summer and fall, and now M-G-M is getting ready the script of "Mata Hari" which will be her next. Garbo was born in 1906, is five feet six inches and weighs about 122. She has blue eyes and golden hair.

SUZANNE: Don't believe that about Barbara Stanwyck. There's not a word of truth in it. You could see for yourself in "Night Nurse" and "The Miracle Woman" that Barbara is perfectly able-bodied and not deformed in any way. She and Columbia have patched up their little differences and she will start another picture for them right away.

ZIRGIE H.: So you're mad about Phil Holmes. I know how you feel, Zirgie, for I rather like that lad myself. Yes, I know him quite well. I was thrilled to death the first time he asked me to have lunch with him—and I don't remember eating at all so he must have been fascinating. We lunched—or rather he lunched and I thrilled—at the "Tavern" in New York which is owned by Nancy Carroll's uncle, Billy LaHiff. I've met him lots since then and am glad to report that I can now eat in his presence, but I'm still thrilled. Phil has finished "The Man I Killed" with Nancy Carroll and Lionel Barrymore, and is slated to start work soon on "Mary Makes a Call" with Miriam Hopkins. This picture was originally intended for Nancy and Buddy Rogers—but you know how those things are.

Now for a few details about Phil. He was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, July 22, and is in his very early twenties. He was educated at Princeton and at Cambridge, England. He's the son of Taylor Holmes, the famous actor. He entered pictures in 1928 when Paramount made scenes for "Varsity" right there on the Princeton campus, and was such a success in this picture that Paramount gave him a contract. He's six feet, weighs 160 pounds, and has blue eyes and blonde hair. Write to him at the Paramount Studio, Hollywood, California. Sorry—but I'm not allowed to give home addresses.

MOVIE FAN: Janet Gaynor's birthday is October 6 and she's twenty-five years old. Her real name is Laura Gainer, she was born in Philadelphia and she's married to Lydell Peck. Bebe Daniels had a baby girl in September which she and Ben Lyon named Barbara Bebe Lyon. Bebe is so excited over little Bebe that she hasn't had time to make any picture plans just yet. Billie Dove made a sensational picture comeback in "The Age for Love". Did you see it?

14 What Every Girl Should Know
 19 Story of Nietzsche's Philosophy. Durant
 25 Rhyming Dictionary
 39 Story of Aristotle's Philosophy. Durant
 42 Origin of Human Race
 53 Insects and Men; Instinct vs. Reason. Clarence Darrow
 56 Dictionary of U. S. Slang
 58 Tales from Decameron. Boccaccio
 72 Color of Life and Love
 74 Physiology of Sex Life
 82 Common Faults in English
 83 Evolution of Marriage
 87 Nature of Love
 91 Manhood: Facts of Life
 92 Hypnotism Explained
 97 Self-Contradictions of Bible
 98 How to Love
 109 Facts You Should Know About Classics. McCabe
 110 History of World War
 125 Woodrow Wilson's War Speeches
 126 History of Rome. Wood
 133 Principles of Electricity
 150 Queer Facts About Lost Civilizations
 159 Story of Plato's Philosophy
 172 Evolution of Sex
 175 A Hindu Book of Love
 176 Four Essays on Sex. Havelock Ellis
 192 Book of Synonyms
 217 Puzzle of Personality
 218 Essence of the Talmud
 228 Plain Talks With Husband and Wives. Ellis
 271 Is Death Inevitable
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 287 Best Jokes About Doctors
 297 Do We Need Religion? McCabe
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 367 How to Improve Your Conversation
 374 Psychology of Suicide
 375 Love Story of an Old Maid
 377 Psychology of Joy and Sorrow
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 411 Facts About Phenology
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 440 Baseball: How to Play
 446 Psychology of Religion
 447 Auto-Suggestion: How to Work
 449 Auto-Suggestion and Health
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 467 Evolution Made Plain
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 518 How to Make Candy
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 529 Woman and Criminal
 536 What Women Beyond Should Know
 556 Hints of Etiquette
 557 Is the Moon a Dead World
 603 The Electron Theory
 606 How to Play Chess
 609 Are the Planets Inhabited?
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 629 Handbook of Legal Forms
 637 German-English Dictionary
 639 4,000 Most Essential English Words
 644 Women Who Lived for Love
 645 Confidential Chats with Wives
 648 Sexual Rejuvenation
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 654 What Young Men Should Know
 655 What Young Women Should Know
 656 What Married Men Should Know
 657 What Married Women Should Know
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 690 Man's Sexual Life
 691 Child's Sexual Life
 696 How to Pronounce Proper Names
 697 4,000 Words Often Mispronounced

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IN THE
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- 896 Wages of Sin
- 901 Woman: Eternal Primitive
- 902 Dictionary of Foreign Words
- 903 All About Syphilis
- 904 Sex Symbolism, Fielding
- 910 Is Life Worth Living? Dar-
row
- 911 Is Mankind Progressive?
Clarence Darrow
- 964 How to be Happy Though
Married
- 966 Rational Sex Ethics
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- 986 How to Talk and Debate
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- 999 Latin Self Taught
- 1000 Wonders of Radium
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- 1004 How to Save Money
- 1005 How to Enjoy Orchestra
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- 1008 Origin of Religion, McCabe
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- 1011 French-English Dictionary
- 1012 Best Negro Jokes
- 1013 Best Irish Jokes
- 1014 Best American Jokes
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- 1018 Humorous Limericks
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Luther Burbank
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- 1049 How to Sing
- 1051 Cause and Nature of Genius
- 1052 Nature of Instinct and Emo-
tions
- 1053 Guide to N. Y. Strange Sec-
tions
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brose Bierce
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- 1062 Humoresque. Fannie Hurst
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- 1065 Lives of U. S. Presidents
- 1069 Conquest of Fear
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- 1074 Commercial Law
- 1078 Morals in Greece and Rome.
McCabe
- 1079 Phallic Elements in Religion.
McCabe
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- 1084 Did Jesus Ever Live?
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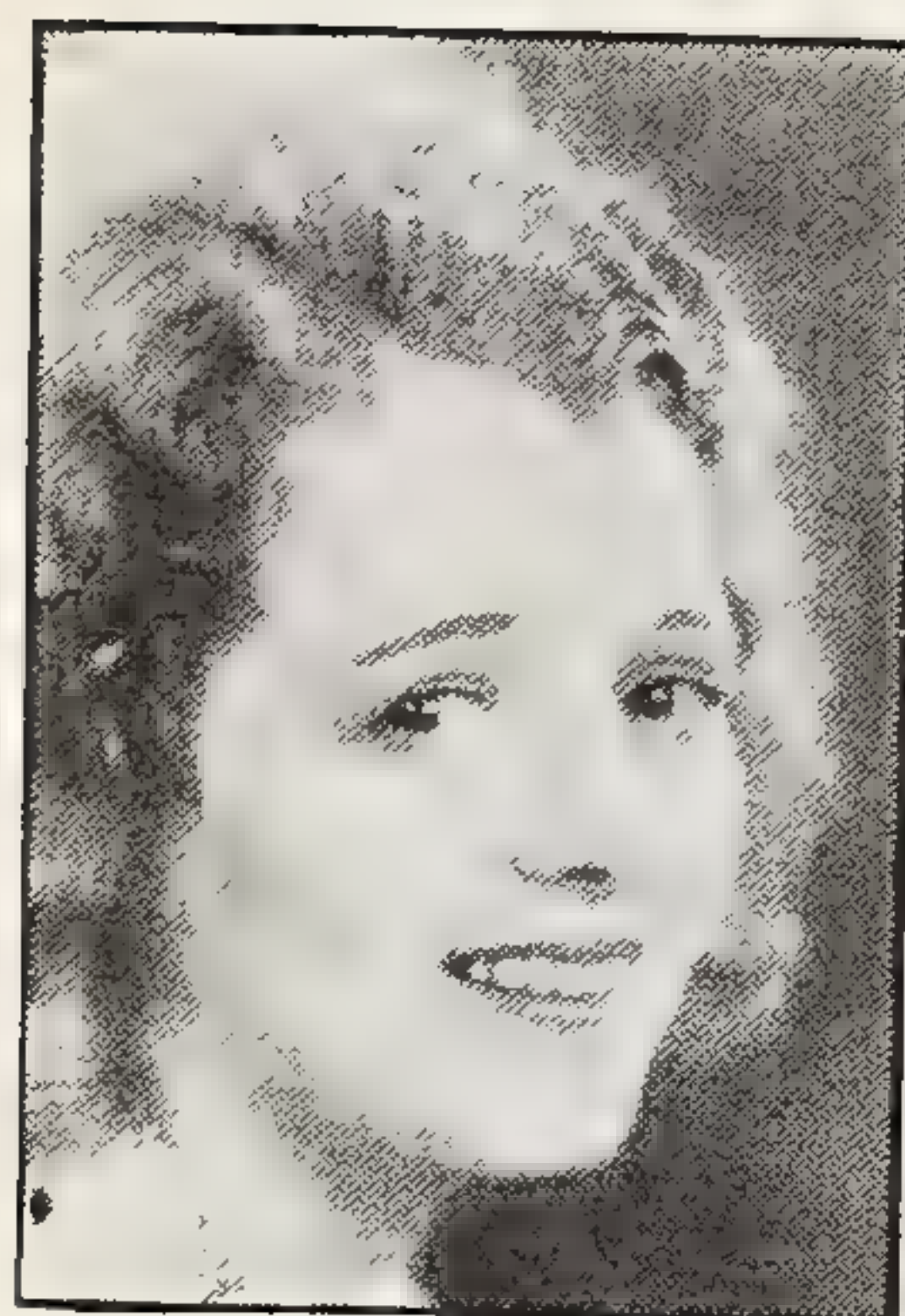
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for DECEMBER 1931

A MOVIE-FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

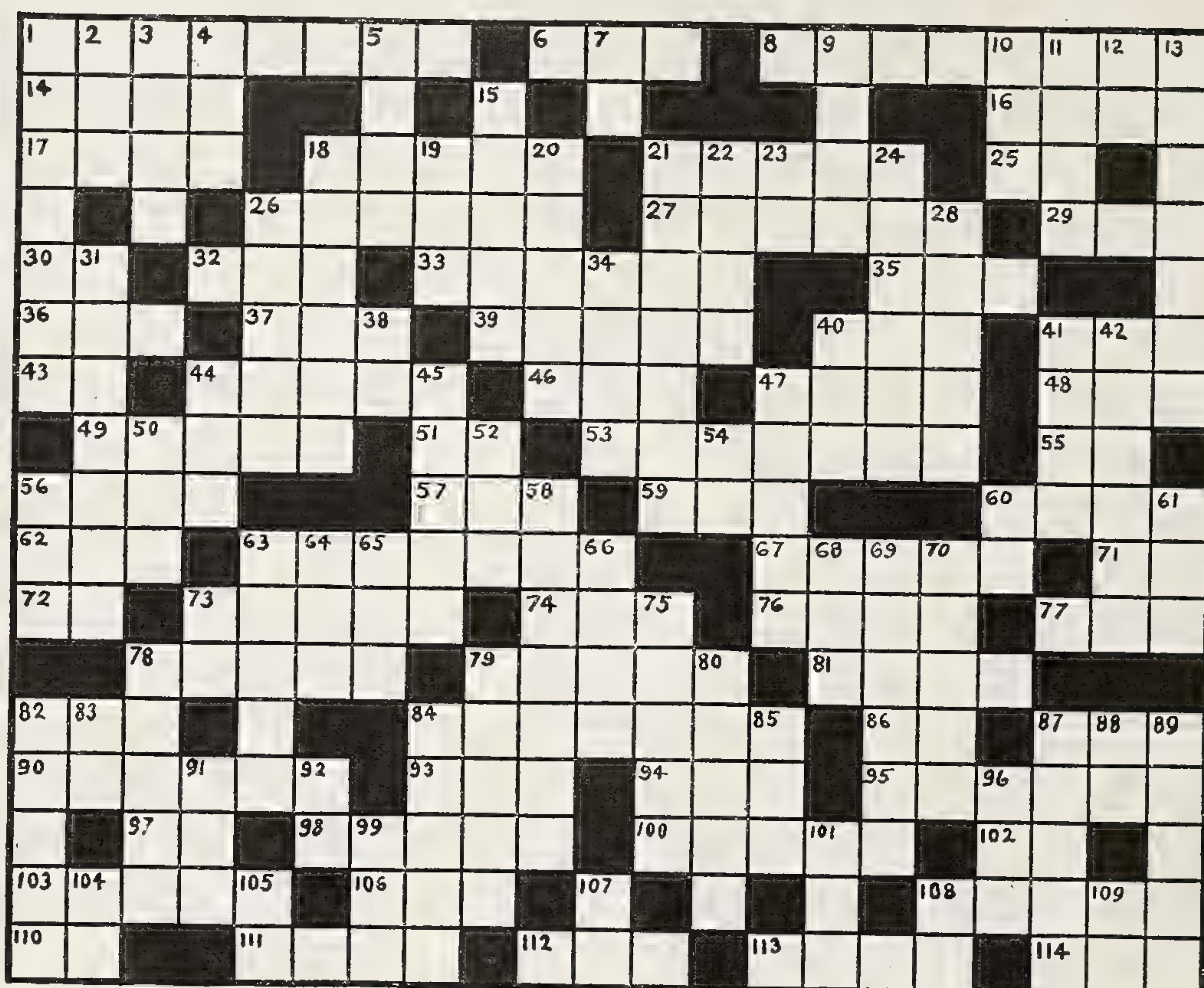
By Priscilla Bryant



HIDING



WHO--WHERE?



SOMEWHERE



RECLINING?

ACROSS

- 1 Howard Hughes' gangster picture
- 6 Barbara Stanwyck's husband
- 8 An instrument used to scatter grass while haying
- 14 The Thalbergs have a new one
- 16 A picture laid in the South Seas with an all-native cast
- 17 Later name of Esau in Genesis
- 18 She plays the title rôle in "Susan Lenox"
- 21 He played a gangster in "A Free Soul"
- 25 He is in "Delicious"
- 26 Her real name is Violet Krauth
- 27 What Ruth Chatterton's friends call her
- 29 To instigate or incite
- 30 A child's word for mother
- 32 Period from dawn to dark
- 33 One who judges anything by some standard
- 35 A human being
- 36 A principal division of a dramatic work
- 37 With Edmund Lowe in "Don't Bet on Women"
- 39 Maitland White in "Fame"
- 40 Condensed watery vapor suspended in the atmosphere
- 41 She plays the part of Sondra Finchley in "An American Tragedy"
- 43 New Testament (abbr.)
- 44 Worship
- 46 The ship of Noah
- 47 Lew Ayres married her
- 48 A dull, stupid fellow
- 49 A gatherer of rice
- 51 He married Ruby Keeler
- 53 She gave a wonderful performance in "The Great Meadow"
- 55 A southern state (abbr.)
- 56 Joe in "The Single Sin"
- 57 A nickname of the star in "Devil To Pay"
- 59 An ostrich-like Australian bird
- 60 A former member of "Our Gang," now in "Boy Friends"
- 62 Inquire
- 63 Fifteen years ago he made the silent picture called "Kismet"
- 67 Elevates
- 71 Wool (Scot.)
- 72 Adverb and conjunction
- 73 Wrong
- 74 To marry
- 76 Reri's real name
- 77 Possess
- 78 A public warehouse
- 79 Starts suddenly aside
- 81 A silver coin
- 82 A Baron's title
- 84 He played opposite Nancy Carroll in "Sweetie"
- 86 Month (abbr.)
- 87 To mend
- 90 William Powell's bride
- 93 The first name of Roach Studios
- 94 Used in golf
- 95 The way Lupe Velez would pronounce Anita Louise's name
- 97 Forward
- 98 To whirl
- 100 The record of a single year
- 102 Not (French)
- 103 She recently married Wallace T. Macrery, Jr.
- 106 Quick to learn
- 108 An oriental country
- 110 An interrogative
- 111 Belonging to us
- 112 His mouth is famous
- 113 To arouse
- 114 That female

DOWN

- 1 He acted in and directed "The Royal Bed"

DOWN (Continued)

- 2 Edible fish of the North Atlantic
- 3 He was in "Check and Double Check"
- 4 A cough remedy
- 5 She is famous for her mother rôles
- 7 Form of "to be"
- 9 Pyrheliometer (abbr.)
- 10 Devoured
- 11 A small valley
- 12 Eleanor Boardman (initials)
- 13 Director of "Cimarron"
- 15 What Norma Shearer and Ruth Chatterton are
- 18 She was Judy Abbot in "Daddy Long Legs"
- 19 East India Company (abbr.)
- 20 A fifteen year old actress, the heroine of "Everything's Rosie"
- 21 Wrinkle
- 23 A preposition
- 24 Japanese loose robe
- 26 "Grumpy"
- 28 Desirous
- 31 One who plays a part
- 34 Ripped
- 38 A suffix
- 40 An enthusiastic devotee of the movies
- 41 She was a star in silents
- 42 An instrument, under seal, legally having no effect until delivered
- 44 To play the part
- 45 Gains as a just recompense
- 47 Wife of Director William A. Seiter
- 50 To afflict with fatigue or vexation
- 52 His last picture was "Thunder"
- 54 The square of a body of a type used in printing
- 56 To bleat as a sheep
- 58 The name of the place where Bill Hart has a ranch
- 60 Manuscript (abbr.)
- 61 Yonder: chiefly poetic
- 63 Tiny
- 64 The untanned skin of a calf
- 65 Suffix used to denote condition, state or function
- 66 A strap attached to the bit to control an animal
- 68 Finish
- 69 A beast
- 70 Karim in "Son of India"
- 73 Near
- 75 A tract of land inclosed between mouths of a river
- 78 He was Finley Pierpont Haddock in "Finn and Hattie"
- 79 Begin
- 80 A star in silent pictures
- 82 Portion of a play
- 83 The western state John Wayne comes from (abbr.)
- 84 Large seagoing vessels
- 85 Monetary unit of the Japanese
- 87 Walks
- 88 Suffix used to form the comparative degree
- 89 He was a property boy at the Fox studio when he got his big chance
- 91 She is going to marry Ernest Lubitsch
- 92 A diminutive suffix
- 96 Her latest picture is "The Greeks Had A Word For It"
- 99 Open hostilities
- 101 A little island, especially in inland waters
- 104 An ejaculation evoked by a sudden emotion
- 105 Denial
- 107 Perform
- 108 What young Fairbanks is to his father (abbr.)
- 109 An explanation

(The answer to last month's puzzle is on page 79. The answer to this month's puzzle will appear next month.)

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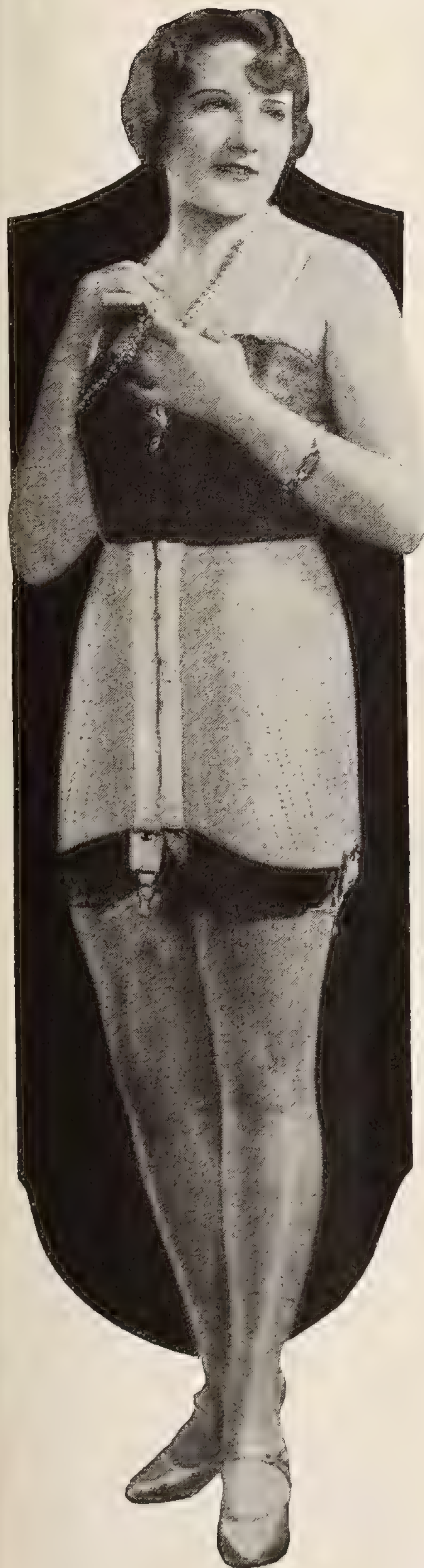
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*A Pleasant Year on the
Heights So Recently Won*

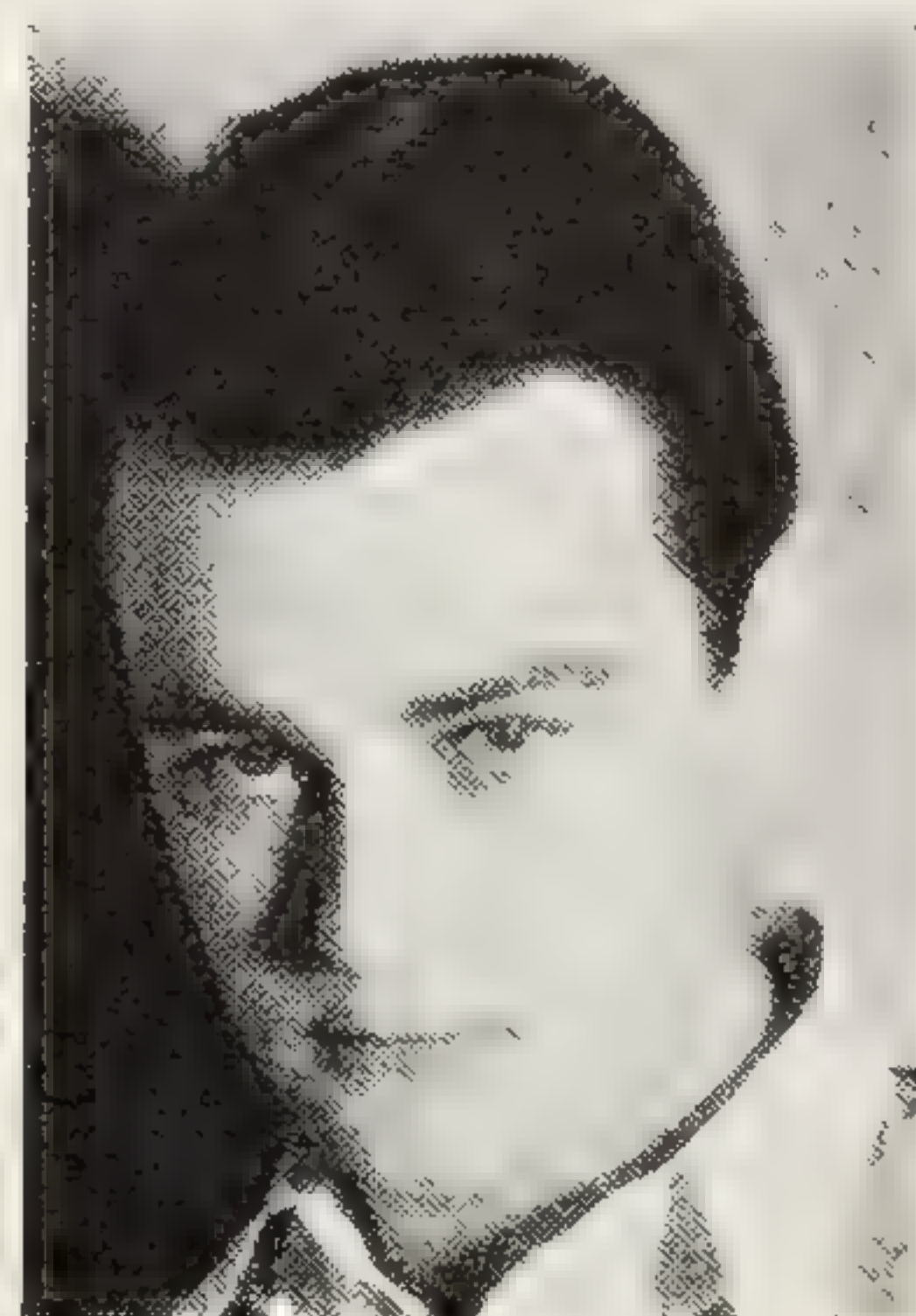
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For the Runaways*

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*A Happy Harvest for
the Farmer's Bride*

Blessings on you, our tempestuous, changeable Glorious One, and may you never lose the vision that keeps you forever climbing.

Joan Crawford

*A Dramatic Setting to
Match Your Loveliness*

May you have a chance to be calm and charming along with your vibrant beauty. Greater heights for our Modern girl.



Norma Shearer

*Good Luck on "Smilin'
Thru" and a New Tooth
for the Baby*

Here is a hope that the wonderful woman that you are always keeps shinin' thru.



Phil Holmes

*More Tough Experiences,
They're Making You Great*

The best part of you is inside you. Don't worry about the parts—here's wishing you a portion, at least, of your great capabilities.

Silver Screen's Movietown



Mitzi Green brings you holiday
wishes from SILVER SCREEN

THE nosedive done by the Empress Eugenie Curse in Hollywood is blamed on Lil Tashman, Connie Bennett, Kay Francis, and Juliette Compton. These girls are considered the style leaders in the village and they simply said "no like" to Eugenie. She lost her social standing at once.

WHILE in New York making personal appearances, Polly Moran was mobbed by autograph hounds. She escaped to her hotel and sought refuge in an elevator. "And now," she said turning to the boy, "don't ask me to autograph the bed sheets."

THE Hollywood soothsayers and crystal-gazers slipped up this time. They'd better run back to their Alma Mater and take a post-graduate course in predicting. They all told Bebe Daniels that her baby would be a boy—and it wasn't. 'Tis said that Ben Lyon is quite happy that it's a girl because he doesn't want Bebe spending the family income on these fortune-tellers. Maybe Bebe won't believe what the tea leaves say next time.

WHILE Charlie Chaplin was in London he asked to meet the Mahatma Gandhi. When the subject was broached to Mr. Gandhi, he asked, "Who is Mr. Chaplin?" It seems that the Mahatma had rather stay home evenings and read a good book rather than go to the neighborhood theatre. We've never been to movies in India so maybe he has the right slant on that. Anyway, the men, both equally famous in their own fields, shook hands and discussed the machine age.

LIL DAGOVER, who possesses a \$25,000 back and a newly-acquired vocabulary of many slang American phrases and 1,000 new words, has arrived in Hollywood after an air tour through the United States. Lil made the trip to acquaint herself with American customs and speech. She knew very little English when she landed in New York but can now converse fluently with the best of them. She goes to work soon for First National.

LORETTA YOUNG won a divorce from Grant Withers, September 15. The couple were married after eloping by plane to Yuma, Arizona, January 26, 1930. Loretta explained to the judge that Grant only bought

her one dress during their married life and it cost but \$100. That he ordered other gowns and costly black lingerie delivered C.O.D. and she had to pay for them. And, moreover, she had to pay for all the groceries they consumed. The kind-hearted judge gave her a decree and approved a property settlement. The names entered on the decree were Gretchen Withers and Granville Gustavus Withers.

THE chief indoor sport on the M-G-M lot now is trying to get a look at Greta Garbo rehearsing the dance steps she has to do in "Mata Hari". Greta dances on the screen for the first time in this picture. No hootchie-koochie, Greta! And

kindly watch that seventh veil.

JACKIE COOPER celebrated his eighth birthday in unusual fashion while working in "The Champs", with Wally Beery. Jackie was honored by a surprise party. He was lured off the set and when he returned, he found a table in the center of the prize-fight ring. On it were numerous gifts, including boxing-gloves presented by King Vidor. But the *pièce de résistance* was a mammoth birthday cake with eight candles.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS and Mary Pickford are planning to leave soon on a 15,000 mile air jaunt into the Brazilian jungles to the headwaters of the Amazon. Doug expects to carry camera men and sound equipment along and make a nice little travel picture while he's at it. Victor Fleming, film director and intimate friend of Doug's, will be in the party. Most of the distance they will travel in two amphibian planes over regularly charted air lines—and since Mary doesn't like flying she may not go.

REGINALD DENNY and "Bubbles" Stiefel (Mrs. Denny) are now Pop and Mom. The stork arrived with a boy, September 28.

IRENE RICH'S daughter, Frances, who graduated from Vassar last spring will appear in "Brief Moment" on Broadway this winter. It will be her first professional stage rôle. If Frances is anything like mother we'll like her plenty.

[More Movietone Topics on page 48]



Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg, General Manager of M-G-M. He has never been called Mr. Norma Shearer

Have the STARS

A Man, a Maid, and Love! After That Comes Either Happiness or Trouble. Hollywood Chooses!

ogres in gilded castles, and beautiful princesses who never grow old—or at least never admit it? Here you speak only in superlatives. Here teeth are the pearliest and hair is the curliest. Here figures are the slimmest, appetites the daintiest, and tempers the damndest.

In Hollywood are gathered the most beautiful and perfect women in the world, and the most virile and handsome men. So it was but natural that the god of Love should establish his experimental laboratory here (Gosh, the whimsies again. Quick, Henry—the Flit) and laborously try to work out a set of perfect love ideals. Here he has experimented with all kinds of test cases and some have worked out beautifully, and some have been not so good. Let's look at a few of these assorted combinations. Now don't be silly—I don't mean *that* kind of combination. Which reminds me of the time I went Christmas shopping and discovered "French Lingerie 1/2 off" in one of our better stores. The male with me was all for having some modeled. But let's get back to Sex. And quickly too.

Did you ever hear of the test case called YOUNG LOVE? It seems that a sweet, adorable girl in her teens

SOME people think that Constance is one of the Bennett sisters. And some people don't think at all.

As though you cared. Anyway, I was thinking about Judy O'Grady and the Colonel's Lady the other day and wondering just why they were sisters under the skin, when suddenly it came to me that it was Sex. Sex explains all, my innocents.

You can take your Sex but you can't leave it. Well, not for long anyway. It's here, it's there, it's over the hills and far away, and it's up in Mabel's room—but it seems to have a particular penchant for Hollywood. But you can't blame it for that.

Hollywood is always losing and finding things—like contracts and husbands and best friends and old scenarios. But Sex explains all that too. Nice old Sex (pat, pat). And right now Hollywood is all a-gaga because some new love ideals have been found. But are they new? Let's go into a huddle for a nonce or so. And may I have the next nonce with you, Gary?

Where in all the world East of Borneo and West of goodness knows where could you find a more desirable place to study love ideals than the Never, Never Land of Hollywood (bear with this whimsy for a second, please) where there are fairies in the gardens, and gnomes in the woods, and wicked



Dick Arlen and Jobyna Ralston who are still cur-razee about each other



Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Crawford have found a new kind of marriage

FOUND NEW LOVE IDEALS?

By
Elizabeth Wilson

named Loretta Young fell madly in love with a big, handsome chap named Grant Withers, and they eloped while mother burned. Both throbbed with the happy vitality of youth, and thrilled with the ecstasies of fresh young love. They were "well fixed"—these children—with the gifts of the gods and the gifts of men. Youth, beauty, health, wealth, fame—what more could any young married couple desire? But after a few months came quarrels, then separation, then divorce . . . and the boy went his way, and the girl went her way. "Wasn't it beautiful while it lasted, and didn't it end too soon?" Strange about YOUNG LOVE—it seems so ideal. Why didn't it last?

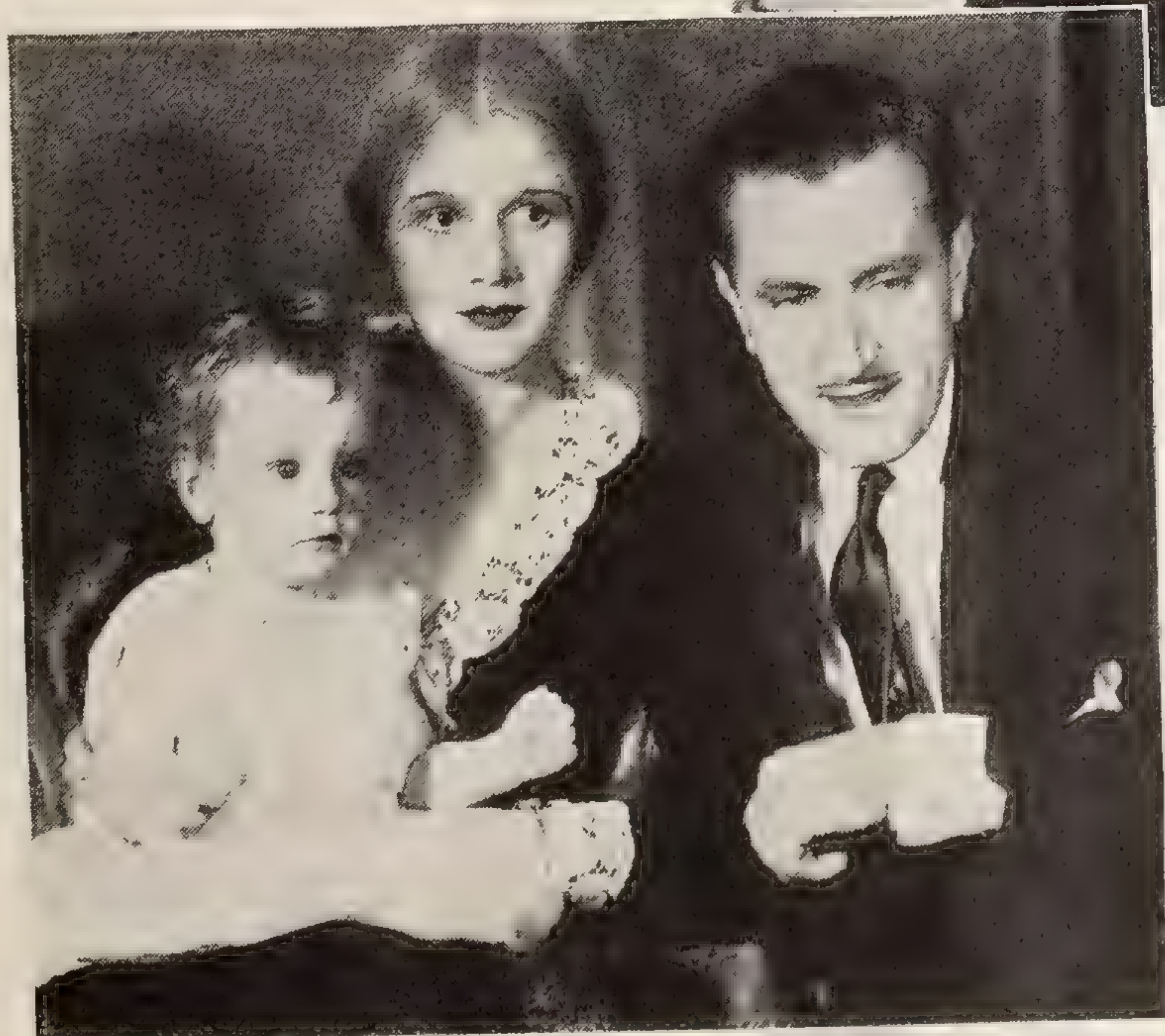
And next we have on the menu NEW WIVES FOR OLD served with a piquant sauce. Here we find charming middle-aged men experienced in the ways of the world who for some reason or other prefer a pretty young wife to the slightly used one they've had hanging around for awhile. The years have taught these men many things—and they know real love when they meet it (by the process of elimination if nothing else). No callow, dangling kids here, ready to drag a girl to the altar at the first blush. No. These suave, sophisticated gentlemen know what it is all about—they know all the answers, and all the exits. They make love with finesse, and with delightful disdain for all of Mrs. Grundy's rules.



Since this picture was taken Bebe Daniels has had a baby and Ben Lyon has had a shave; and they keep right on loving



The love affair of Frank Fay and Barbara Stanwyck is dramatic and unbreakable because Barbara is that kind of a person



Ann Harding, Harry Bannister and their baby. In Hollywood if they love at all they have to love a lot to make it work

No wonder a young girl with romantic ideas finds in one of them the completeness and allurements not found in green striplings. Perhaps this is the ideal love combination. Sophisticated age and naive youth. Just glance at some of these test cases and notice their happiness and contentment. Where could you ever find a more ideally matched couple than John Barrymore and Dolores Costello, the third Mrs. John Barrymore. John's former marriages were noisy, tempestuous

affairs with temperaments clashing all over the place—but Dolores is the calm that follows the storm. Peaceful tranquility. The Great Lover found his soul mate. They have a home and a yacht and a beautiful baby—with another expected soon. Is this the perfect love ideal?

Under this same classification we find the oft-married Lowell Sherman, our favorite screen roué, who seems to have found happiness with Helene Costello; and Adolphe Menjou the Magnificent, exquisite dilettante of the old world and the new, has found the ideal love in pretty blonde Kathryn Carver. And there's William Powell, the suavest of the suave, and the [Continued on page 74]

RAMON NOVARRO'S

It is Always a Part of His Nature, But It Gets Uncontrollable at Yuletide

Christmas Spirit

By Dana Rush

WHEN Ramon Novarro celebrates Christmas not only all Hollywood knows it, but across the Rio Grande there is rejoicing; the poorer sections of Los Angeles are richer, and even to Europe his generosity extends. His Christmas list numbers about three hundred. That slogan, "Do your Christmas shopping early" Novarro began heeding from the time his pay envelope mounted into generous figures. He shops throughout the year for unique gifts for his more prosperous friends but his serious shopping begins about September.

On last Christmas, the story is told about Hollywood that having covered the three hundred list—the last gift tied up and dispatched—Ramon decided he wanted to give something particularly appropriate to the lady of his heart. Long stem American Beauties he thought would express best his sentiments for that American Miss, who by the way is a celebrated aviatrix. Wanting them to be not only fresh, but particularly prized, he decided to deliver them himself. Up early on Christmas day he visited a florist shop. The florist carefully selected two dozen American Beauties, dewy fresh from the hot house. And Ramon with the florist box under his arm set forth for the lady's house. But on the way he remembered just another friend whom he wished to give personally the salutations of the day, so he stopped at his home. Well, before Ramon had ceased remembering that there was still another friend whom he held so close to his heart that he must make a personal "Merry Christmas" call on—it was midnight.

He still had the flor-

ist box. When finally he presented himself to the fair lady, those dewy roses were a trifle wilted—but not the warmth of his heart. And the story goes that the lady understood and received him and the roses without reproach. And Ramon smiled his charming smile.

Now, I suppose, with tongue in your cheek, you have been thinking that during that long day, without word or gift from her John, her thoughts may have been warm, but not hallowed. But one has to know Novarro well to realize that the lady did not lose her faith. For to know Ramon well is to know that he can do no wrong to those that have won their way into his friendship.

And when Novarro is remembering the world at large he has not forgotten that Charity begins at home. It has been told before that the Novarro family is large and that since boyhood Ramon has acted as father to his family.

When I asked him how large his family circle was, he said, "At home there is mother, father, five brothers and one sister. I have four other sisters. Two are nuns in a Madrid convent; one in a Mexican convent and another sister is married. "And then, of course," he added, "my young cousin, a boy of fifteen. I was godfather at his baptism during the revolution in Mexico."

But the tale goes, and from very good authority, that Ramon's house is open house to anyone who can establish a legitimate claim to being of the Samaniegos (his real name) clan. And in Mexico they recognize cousins to the forty-second degree. Not long ago, a Samaniegos presented himself at the Novarro home, introducing himself as a

[Continued on page 66]



Ramon Novarro and his mother about whom his whole world revolves



The troupers, Hyams and McIntyre, and their beautiful daughter Leila

LEILA HYAMS~

Artists' Model Makes Good

AFTER four and a half years, Hollywood still looks upon Leila Hyams as an animated cross-word puzzle. To that element that takes its fun where it finds it, she is beyond solution.

I have even heard Leila called *hi-hat*, and all because she prefers the companionship of her good-looking husband, Phil Berg, to that of the gaiety-seeking mobs; she finds greater pleasure in her own home than in the gaudy noisy night places of the movie capital; she lives well within her rather plump weekly income and manages to horde a bit against the coming of that day when theatre-goers will no longer part with their cash to see her on the silversheet.

Phil is probably the only person who really understands his wife—and that is because he knows of the ups and downs that were hers in her single-handed struggle for recognition.

Leila's career to date offers a study in contrasts. She knew the joys of wealth before suffering the pangs of poverty. She scored success at an early age, only to awaken, as if from a dream, and find herself a *flop*.

Now that she is about to enter the gates to stardom, Leila can laugh as she mentally parades the past in review. But getting her to talk about it—well, that's something else again.

"It all sounds so fishy that no one in the world would believe it," she confided as we lunched in the Munchers' Club. "So few can realize that a girl might want to make her own way—stand on her own feet—when her parents are successful, prosperous and somewhat influential."

Perhaps I should have given Leila a slight handicap when she consented to the interview, for I had primed

Leila, who knows what your best friends won't tell you, insists that lovers can be happy if they are **ALONE**

By

B o b M o a k

myself with facts before approaching her—information supplied me by none others than her mother and father and her *other-half*.

Leila will be twenty-five next May 1st. It was Dad Hyams who slipped me that piece of information.

"It is very nearly true that she was born on the stage," he had said during his visit to Hollywood last summer. "At any rate, it was just a few yards

off Broadway, and she's been around the footlights and kleigs ever since, except for the period during which we almost had to resort to strenuous measures to keep her in boarding school."

A smile of pride had illuminated the veteran actor's countenance as he chatted about his child.

"Even as an infant, Leila was of the theatre, for she slept in the top of our trunk in the dressing room while her mother and myself went on with our act," he revealed to me. "Before she was five, she had visited every state in the Union with the exception of Florida."

"As soon as she was old enough, we wrote in a small part for her, and she was a hit from the very beginning. I'll tell you we were mighty proud troupers—proud of this baby of ours who could win over the coldest audiences."

When Leila attained the age of ten, she received her first *blue envelope*. She was *fired*, and by her own family. But that was because Hyams and McIntyre had decided that their little girl had outgrown private tutors and was ready for school.

The five years that followed were trying ones, for Leila's only contact with the profession she so loved was the privilege of reading about her mother and father's travels through the columns [Continued on page 75]

In "Touchdown"
Richard Arlen
carries the ball
for the honor of
dear old Para-
mount

Putting a Kick

The Action in Football Makes
Great Screen Entertainment

WHAT Yale back missed his signal on the famous "phantom pass" at Princeton? What luckless Cornell back was guilty of the fourth-quarter fumble at Penn? Did Georgetown Johnny Scalzi step out of bounds in the N. Y. U. tussle? Was Grange tackled out of bounds by the Minnesota linemen?

Perhaps part of the lure of the game is the uncertainty; at any rate, for years, the fans have packed the stadiums, watched the self-same players in identical plays, and emerged with versions as inconsistent as New England weather.

But of late a decisive factor has entered in the sport, something of which every actor in the spectacle is conscious; that is, the movie camera up in the press box. It tells no lies, and it tells all.

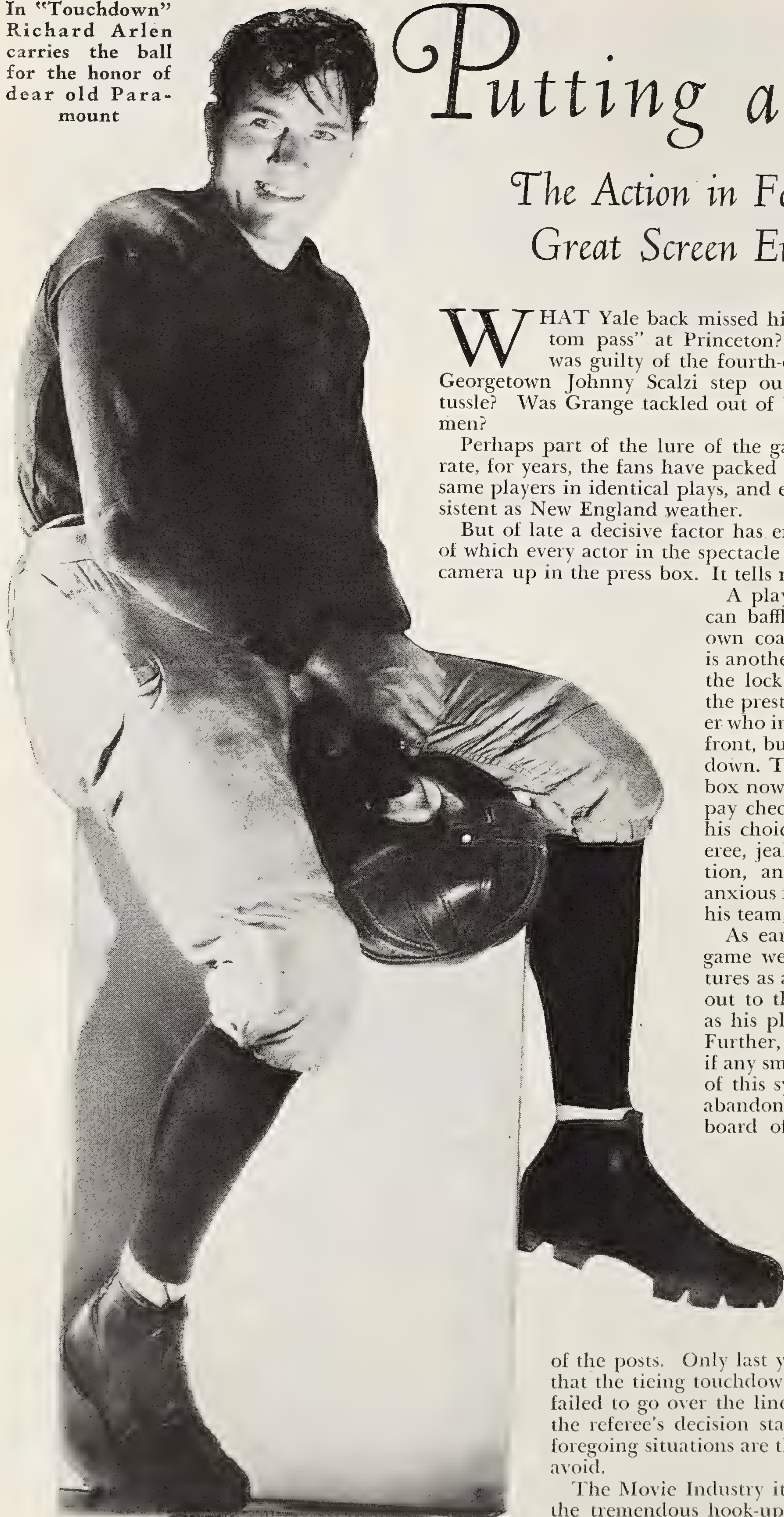
A player can fool the opposition, he can baffle the scouts, he can string his own coach—but a slow-motion camera is another matter. In the vernacular of the locker-room, it marked the end of the prestige of the "glory-diver", a player who impresses the stands with a tough front, but in reality does a lot of sitting down. They all turn to the little black box now; the agonized coach whose fat pay check is intimately connected with his choice of player; the respected referee, jealous of his professional reputation, and finally, the player himself, anxious for a true evaluation of himself, his team, and his substitute.

As early as 1923, the masters of the game were using the slow-motion pictures as an aid to coaching, by pointing out to the player his individual faults as his playing appeared on the screen. Further, they were used in scouting, and if any small notion as to the importance of this system is held, let it at once be abandoned. Practically no collegiate board of football strategy will allow, knowingly, an unauthorized slow-motion camera in its stadium.

Sometimes the film tells a very sad story. The writer has seen slow-motion pictures of a game where bets were paid off on a thirty-five yard drop kick, which in fact was six inches wide

of the posts. Only last year, the all-seeing eye revealed that the tying touchdown in that Eastern classic really failed to go over the line. The rule is, of course, that the referee's decision stands, but to put it mildly, the foregoing situations are the kind that reputable arbiters avoid.

The Movie Industry itself was very slow in realizing the tremendous hook-up of the football loving public



in the Movies

By Ernie Cuneo

and the technical possibilities of the screen. Only five years ago, the star-back tore around the end with all the grace and agility of the lad who lugs off the ducks in a Chinese magician's act, and the interference looked as if it had serious intentions for the moment it could get off the tight-rope. It would have been sad indeed, had it not been for the doughty opponents, who smashed in with all the fire and fever of asthmatic gazelles. With amazing monotony, the hero galloped ninety-eight yards on a trick play that wouldn't fool the waterboy, while the befuddled defense piled up on the head linesman.

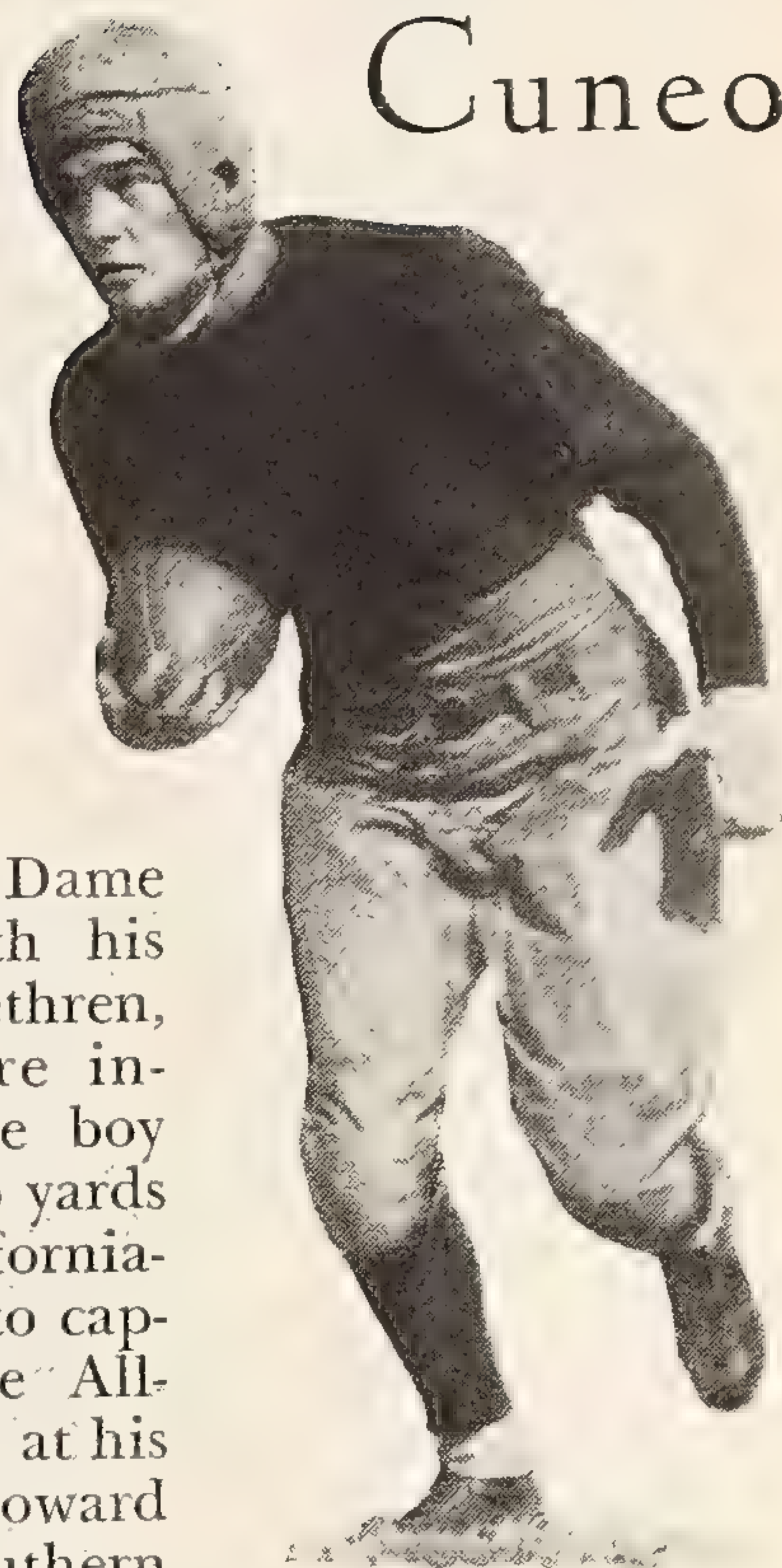
O Tempora! O Mores! In the year of Our Lord 1931, if you want to see standard football played as it is in the dreams of coaches, wend your way to the corner movie. It was a positive stroke of genius, but somebody, sensing the discriminating eye of the great football public, did the direct and simple thing by taking into consultation the greatest coaches and the greatest players. The result is more than innovation; it is a pictorial exemplification of how the colleges are *trying* to play the game. The true-blue alumnus needs no longer sadly dedicate a portion of his income to hope and loyalty. Let him repair to his local cinema, compare his varsity with the standard team he sees on the screen, and then keep his dough in his pocket.

For instance, Paramount's "Touchdown" relies upon

no tyros for the action shots. Jim Thorpe, Olympic Champion and All-time fullback, is in the line-up, and among his teammates are names to conjure with. Racehorse Russ Saunders, who went 95 yards through the great Notre Dame team of 1929, along with his All-American Trojan brethren, Drury and Barrager, are included. Roy Riegels, the boy who came back, (he ran 60 yards the wrong way in the California-Georgia Tech game, only to captain the Bears and make All-American the next year) is at his old place at center. Howard Jones, University of Southern California, the only man who soundly drubbed Pop Warner, is the director.

The result is precisely as is to be expected, and is almost

Lew Ayres, the triple threat of the screen, makes a box office goal



Educational has put out a great series, "Football for the Fan." The camera sees all! This is a tackle cutback, and look! The man in the center of the picture is a back, and he is going to knock down the end, Number 29. Anyway it's a short tackle play, if you hate detail



Penalty fifteen yards, if the referee saw it. The lad in the crouching position, Number 9, is holding with his left arm. It's not allowed, but every referee hasn't a camera eye.

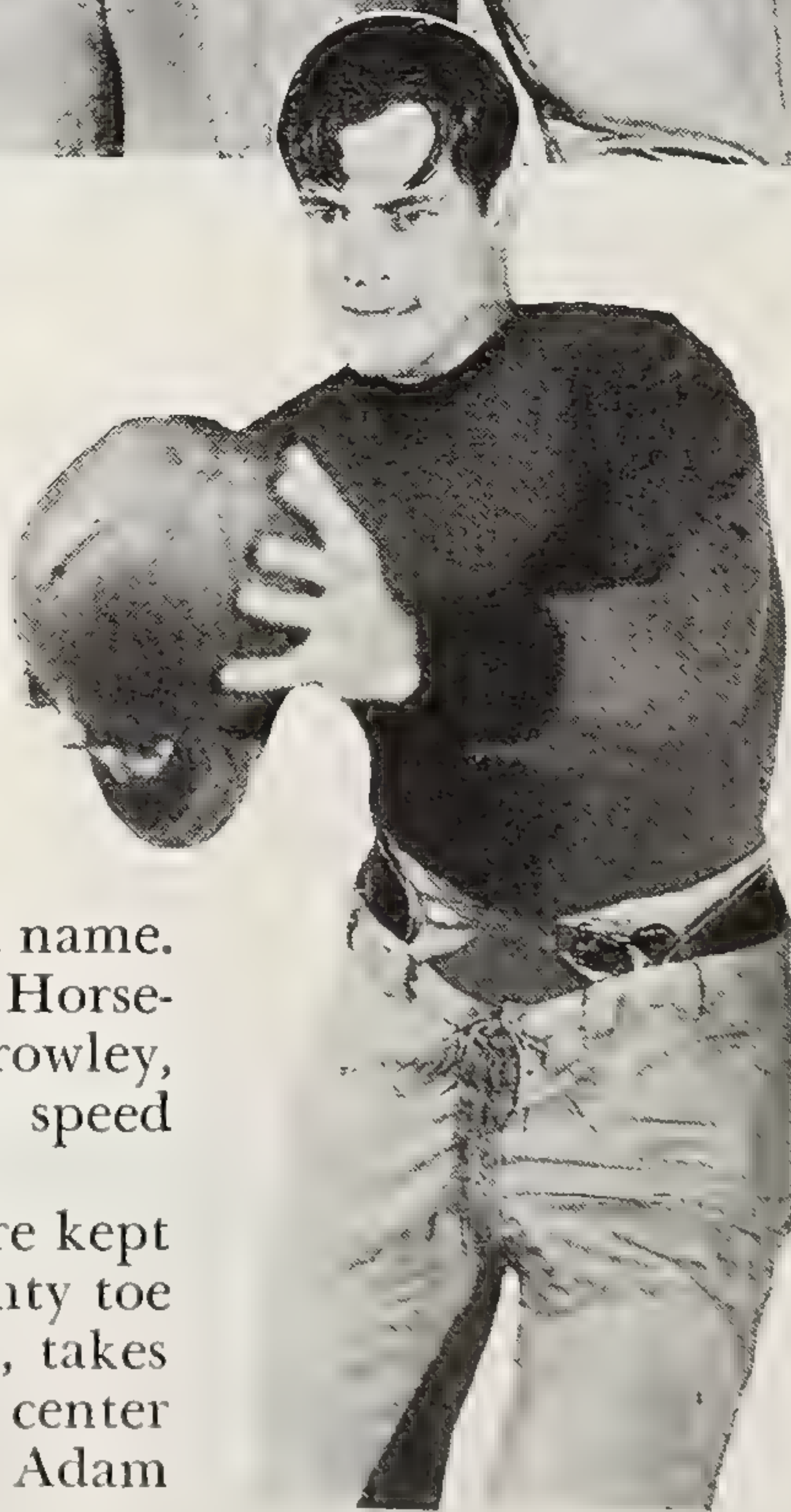
It is a nice line buck anyway, even if it isn't going to make much ground



Benny Friedman, who was Michigan's quarter, the greatest passer of all time, appears in Educational's series



Regis Toomey and Jack Oakie in "Touchdown"



Charles Starrett in '24 and '25 was full-back for Dartmouth and in "Touchdown" he shows it

document which has to be accepted as fact and no fancy. In keeping with the trend of the foregoing pictures, Howard Jones, Trojan coach, in a series of six one-reel releases by Educational, "Football for the Fan", has integrated logically the component parts of the game. And what names appear on the advisory staff! Only pause and consider! Pardon the reminiscence, but look at 'em:—

Alonzo Stagg, coach at Chicago, the grand old man of football. Tad Jones, coach at Yale for years.

Harry Kipke, Michigan coach, who certainly is the man to illustrate kicking. He, Army Bill Wood, Swarthmore Lester Asplundh, Nebraska Hank Llewelyn, and Georgetown Jim Mooney were the outstanding booters of the last ten years. Columbia Lou Little is responsible for Georgetown Jim Mooney, holder of the record—two eighty yard punts in one game. Also responsible for Carl Waite, and Jack Haggerty, greatest punt receiver of all time. And let's not forget Tony Plansky, All-American fullback and Olympic Champion.

Gus Dorais, who is in the Educational "Forward Pass" picture, was Knute Rockne's running mate when they were teammates at Notre Dame in 1913. He and "Rock" discovered the forward pass! They ran West Point ragged, and then stayed up at the Point for a week, showing the Kaydets how to take the Navy in tow, which they promptly did.

Columbia Pictures is releasing six short football pictures—"Football Thrills". They are directed by Clyde Elliott who was responsible for the Knute Rockne series. These shorts are slow motion with the play described by Ford Bond, the N.B.C. broadcaster, whose enthusiasm for the game is contagious but whose fervor does not prevent his giving a clear and complete description of the action. The ball can be followed easily and as play after play is shown with famous collegians in action, a real stadium atmosphere is experienced. In these scenes are epic plays of twenty-three famous football games. Twenty-seven colleges are represented, including Knute Rockne's 1930 team, in plays against Southern California, Northwestern, Navy, Pittsburgh, Carnegie Tech, Pennsylvania, Southern Methodist, and Drake.

The movie fans after all are the stadium packers, and now that the local theatre has supplied them with their favorites in action we soon expect to see cheer leaders down in front of the orchestra.

Rah! Rah! Rah! Team! Team!

arithmetical in its simplicity. All-American players plus an All-American coach are equal to All-American football. What college, as a college, is playing it today?

Possibly one—Notre Dame! And the cream of the Fighting Irish crop appears in "The Spirit of Notre Dame", Universal's picture of that name. Out of football's Valhalla again ride the Four Horsemen—Stuhldreher, the cagey passer, Miller and Crowley, the receivers, and high-stepping Elmer Layden, speed merchant supreme.

It is refreshing to note that the actual names are kept intact in the picture. Frank Carideo, whose mighty toe kept the play in the 'coffin corners' all afternoon, takes the part of Frank Carideo. Adam Walsh, great center and captain, afterward Yale line-coach, portrays Adam Walsh. Bucky O'Connor, who with Marty Brill ran up 60 points on Pennsylvania, is Bucky O'Connor, and Captain Johnny Law is Captain Johnny Law. A hundred million people have thrilled to the feats of the Fighting Irish. Against this background it is submitted that the picture is in nature of a modern historical

Are You HELEN HAYES CONSCIOUS?

Ronald Colman Is. Helen Hayes
Had Made Only One Picture, But
it Hit Ronald so Hard That Now
Everything Looks Hayes-y

By Eleanor Packer



SHE is so little and wistful and haunting, this Helen Hayes who has left the stage to try her luck in the movies.

"Helen lilts," is the way her husband, Charles MacArthur, described her one day.

That probably explains her better than any other word. It was that very lilting quality, that elfin something, which made New York and Chicago and other theatre-going cities take her to their hearts and bombard the box offices when she was playing.

And now the movie-goers are to be given a glimpse of the Hayes charm which has enchanted millions.

For years the young lady has refused to listen to the lure of Hollywood.

"Not because I didn't like the movies or the talkies," she explained hastily, "but merely because I was so happy and so busy in my work on the stage."

She was playing in "Petticoat Influence" in Chicago when she finally succumbed to an offer from the movie coast to go West to play "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." Perhaps it was because her husband, the well-known Mr. MacArthur of "Front Page" and other fame, was to write the adaptation for her. Perhaps it was because her very good friend, Edgar Selwyn, was to direct the picture. Perhaps it was

because she wanted a summer in southern California. Anyway she signed and arrived one morning to find her husband, her small daughter and a lovely, hilltop home, ready and waiting for her.

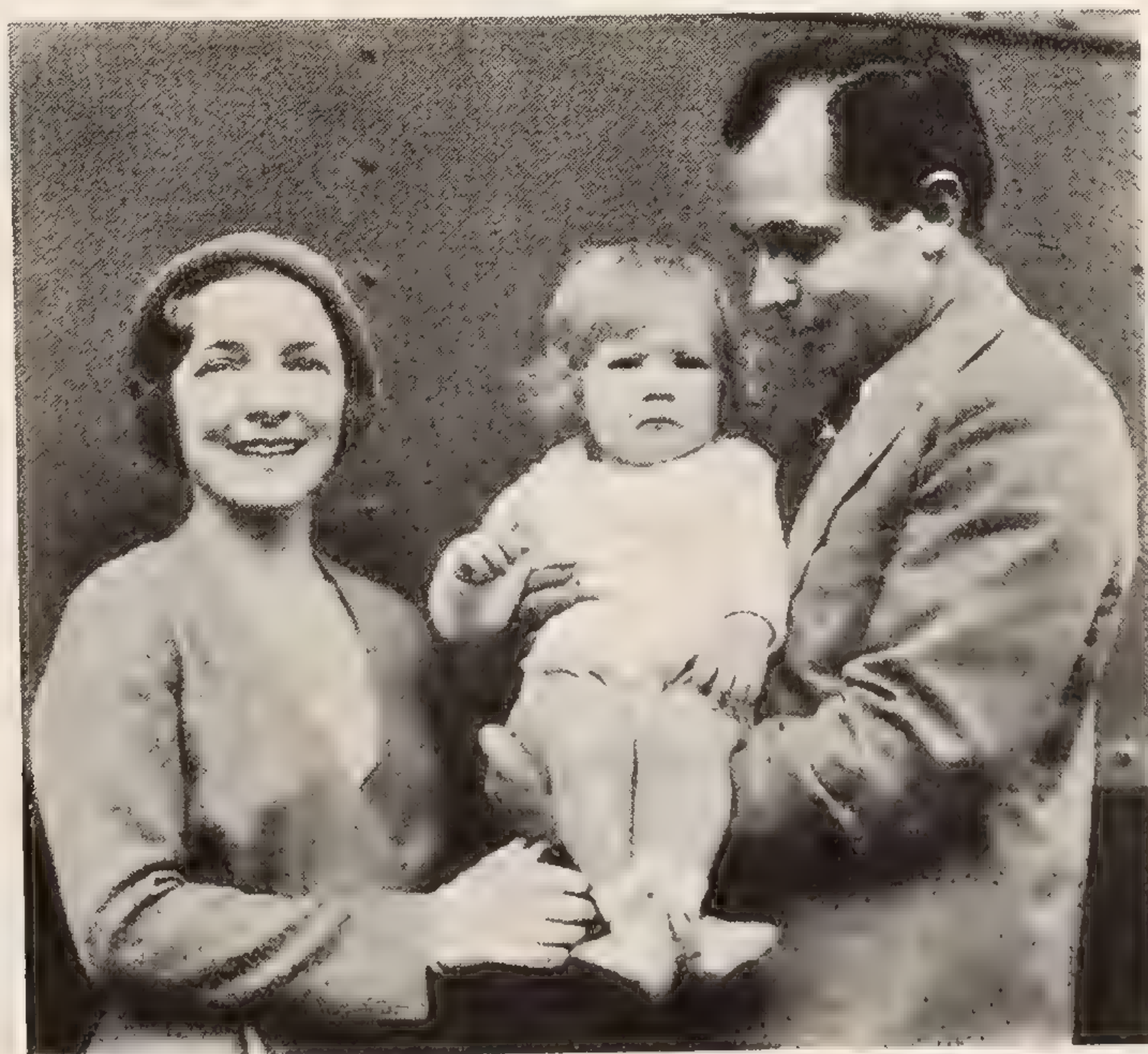
Now stage stars in Hollywood are no longer a novelty.

During the last few years the little town has watched them come and go; it has seen them arrive in all their glory to scoff, and seen them depart to return to the

city which appreciated them. It has watched them arrive with a fanfare of publicity and sometimes remain to find a real place for themselves in the colony. It has grown used to big names plucked from electric lights.

But it was not used to a little girl in a tweed suit, who jumped off a train, grabbed a baby in her arms and looked as if she belonged. It had met few stage luminaries who were anxiously eager to learn the business of making talking pictures, rather than anxiously eager to teach the screen veterans some new wrinkle of another art.

She knew everyone, of
[Continued on page 59]



Mr. and Mrs. Charles MacArthur
and the famous "Act of God" baby

REGIS ~ He's Regular!

That Toomey Boy
Makes Friends
and Pictures, and
the Pictures Make
Him Still More
Friends

By

S. R. Mook



IF EVER there has been a boy in Hollywood who might have been one of your own gang—a chap who could have lived next door to you—it's Regis Toomey. He is the most inherently honest person I know. That, in itself, sets him apart from most actors.

He studied law at the University of Pittsburgh in the winter, and played in the local stock companies in the summer as a means of helping pay his tuition.

A friend of his father's—a judge—called him into his study once. "Regis," he asked, "is there anything else in the world you would rather do than study law?"

Regis squirmed but with characteristic honesty answered, "Oh, yes. There are several things."

"Then don't try to be a lawyer," the judge advised—and Regis didn't.

After he graduated, he tried his hand at several jobs—selling among them. Then he went into the purchasing department of one of the steel mills. The head of it called him into his office. "What makes you think you can be a purchasing agent?" he asked.

"Well, I tried being a salesman and wasn't so hot at it," Regis explained, "so I figured if I couldn't sell I ought to be able to buy."

"If you can't sell, that's the very reason you *can't* buy," his boss answered. "I'll tell you what's the matter with you: you've still got that theatrical bug in your bonnet. Go on to New York and have a try at it. If you don't make good, come back and we'll find something else for you."

Regis went to New York armed with several letters of introduction to prominent theatrical people. "The first day I was there," he stated, "I presented what I considered the most important letter of my collection. I was told to report at a certain place at two o'clock that day for rehearsals in a musical show. It was that easy. But when two o'clock came I was out at the Belmont race-track with some friends who had taken me to lunch.

"I vaguely mentioned to my friends something about

having an appointment and a job. 'Phone and tell them you can't make it today and that you'll see them tomorrow,' my friends advised. I did—and was told not to bother. So I didn't. I figured if I'd got one job so easily I could just as easily get others. And I practically did.

"I understudied Dennis King in 'Rose Marie' for a year but never got a chance to play it. I helped two girls I knew get jobs in the show, too. This is one of them (indicating Mrs. Toomey who dimpled and blushed).

"Did she marry you out of gratitude?" I asked.

"Naw," said Rege, "she's too fresh to be grateful. It just happened we were out together one night and there was a full moon. We both have romantic dispositions at times like that."

Mrs. Toomey caressed a long, thin paper knife lovingly—meaningly. "Of course," Rege continued hastily, "I'd have married the girl anyhow but maybe the moon hastened things along a little. I'm one of those guys who sees better by moonlight."

"Yes—and who talks better then, too," Mrs. Toomey put in.

Well, Mrs. Toomey, who has a mind of her own staged the Totem pole number in "Rose Marie" and when the show went to London, she went along to stage the dance numbers over there. She and Regis had been married only a couple of weeks at the time.

An agent did a little cabling back and forth and the groom was promised a part in the London production. He went over, expecting to sign his contract when he arrived. But the English manager had decided he needed a British actor for the part and Rege speaks purest Pittsburgh, so he didn't get it.

"Those first two months in London," Rege told me once without bitterness, "marked the low point of my existence. I hadn't a great deal of money, my wardrobe was shot, Kitty was being asked here and there and I couldn't go. My pride wouldn't let me. She was making \$500 a week [Continued on page 70]

Since "Alibi" Regis Toomey has been busily adding to his reputation. "The Deadline" is his next picture



CLARENCE SINCLAIR BUI

JOAN CRAWFORD

JOAN'S profile is classic in its perfection of proportion and outline. Such beauty could only exist where a fine intelligence molds the expression. The sympathetic, understanding Joan is throwing herself into "The Mirage", her new picture. Clark Gable will be there to catch her in his strong arms

A Galaxy of STARS



HURRELL



GRETA GARBO
and
CLARK GABLE

IN THE long awaited "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise" Clark Gable has found the great opportunity just at the time when the public was ready for him. It is a tradition that Garbo inspires her men-to greater heights, shows them the way and then richly rewards their efforts with an artist's appreciation. Clark broke through with Joan Crawford, held his own with Norma Shearer and now with the great Garbo he is in faster company still



MIEHLE

RONALD COLMAN and HELEN HAYES

IN DAYS of old it required a minuet and a pair of silk pants for a man to be graceful. Ronald accomplishes charm and manner with the aid of a scrub bucket. Perhaps the impudent little Helen Hayes and her sassy way have aroused the finer feelings. This is a scene from the much talked of "Arrowsmith" which was written by Sinclair Lewis. The character study of Ronald shows the changed Colman





FREULICH

MAE undertook to reverse the significance of Waterloo when she played in "Waterloo Bridge". Being a street walker in this opus she walked off with the show. (An excellent bit of bridge work.) It meant a nice new contract for Mae with napoleons for lunch. She's prettier and wiser than ever in "Twenty Grand"

**MAE
CLARKE**



ANN
HARDING

ANN HARDING is not content to be one of the greatest actresses on earth, she is making a try for the air title as well. And her latest "Devotion" with Leslie Howard sets an altitude mark. Now Ann is resting on a cloud somewhere when she isn't zooming in her Bellanca plane above the head of admiring Harry (Husband) Bannister



PHYFE

WARNER BAXTER

WHEN Warner Baxter's handsome smile put kilowatts into "Daddy Long Legs" the fans realized that they liked it and one and all they rushed home and dashed off demands for more of Mr. Baxter. "Cisco Kid" is the answer to the maidens. In it Warner is the devil-may-care heart-breaking hombre of "Old Arizona"



LONGWORTH

PHILLIPS HOLMES

IF "An American Tragedy" accomplished nothing more it certainly established Phil as an accessory to murder. His next is with Nancy Carroll in "The Man I Killed". It is a part of the good old tradition of Princeton that love making is a serious business, and Phil Holmes has brought a new brand of grouchy lover to the screen



NANCY CARROLL

EXPERIENCES in love, marriage, motherhood and then a brand new thrilling love affair have changed our Nancy. The round face that she spoke so slightly of but a short time ago is now changed to a lovely oval and in "The Man I Killed" it is said Nancy has blossomed to her full stature which we have all been awaiting since "Devil's Holiday". It's onward and upward for Nancy

ELUSIVE ELISSA!

Not "High-Hat"—
Just High Ambitions

By
Wick
Evans



Elissa Landi represents the new type that is breaking into pictures. She is a musician, singer, dancer, actress and author

HOLLYWOOD is a strange town. It does one of two things to those who invade its boundaries. It either takes them completely to its bosom, or it, just as completely, snubs them. Never, however, does it allow the invader to make the first move. That is, it never did until Elissa Landi arrived. She did! Now Hollywood doesn't quite know what to think. And while it is collecting its scattered wits it accuses Elissa of being "high-hat".

I asked her, pointblank, the reason for it all. Why it was that she said bluntly that she wanted no friends in Hollywood, why she would accept no invitations, and why she had built up a high wall of reserve.

She answered in one word—"Time". And then silence for a long moment while I wondered if she expected that to satisfy the hundreds of other people who wanted to know the same thing.

Then—"I have my time completely budgeted. So many hours for exercise and rest, so many hours for music, my work at the studio, of course, and most of all my book—I'm writing a novel, you know.

"I won't say that I don't like those people with whom I work. I do—some of them very much indeed. But when we leave the set there are so few things that we have in common that I just don't want to see them." And that, as far as la Landi is concerned, is that.

"But what about invitations—dinners—parties?" I asked.

"I have two reasons for not wanting to accept. In the first place I would have to give parties in return if I accepted people's hospitality. I don't want to give parties. They take up too much time. In the second place 'mobs' frighten me to death. It's almost a

phobia. I just can't help it." And that, again, is that.

She had been in Hollywood only two weeks when people began to whisper, "Have you met Elissa

Landi? She's superb—she's grand—why, she's another Garbo." Which is a damning thing to say. Elissa Landi is not another Garbo. Nor is she a Dietrich, a Chatterton, a Swanson. She's Elissa Landi, which, once you've seen her acting, is enough. And which, after all, proves that she's a genius. It takes genius to be oneself in Hollywood.

As she sat curled up in a great chair, dressed in riding breeches and boots, her peculiar beauty framed by a great bearskin rug, almost the color of her hair, there came to my mind a phrase—probably that some one else has used to describe her—"The Constant Nymph in riding breeches."

She has green eyes, tilted upwards at the corners. A pale face, piquantly vivid. An elfishly pointed chin. A slender, graceful figure—graceful with the poise of a taut steel wire.

Elissa cannot really be called beautiful. There is hardly a word that does describe her, unless it could be her own name—Elissa Landi. That, somehow, is definitely characteristic of the girl who bears it. It suggests the strangeness, both in beauty and thought, that is hers. It hints of her multi-faceted personality. It suggests, that name, the single word—genius!

She is more than a genius. She is a feminine Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

At the studio (she admits this herself) she is what the people who make pictures expect a leading lady to be. Gay, vivacious, humorous. Always laughing, talking, winning everyone from [Continued on page 68]

Will They Become Barbara Weeks

*An Actress from
the Front Row*

IN MERRY old England they go on fox hunts, and in jolly old Palm Beach they go on treasure hunts, but in quaint old Hollywood they go on star hunts. And one night when Samuel Goldwyn was out star hunting what should he find but a pretty little girl with jet black hair, and jet black eyes, and a smile more intoxicating than champagne on an empty stomach (\$65 a case right off the boat—and any old boat will do).

"Ah," said Samuel Goldwyn. And that's how Barbara Weeks broke into the movies. She first appeared in Goldwyn's picturized version of "Whoopie" where she lead a pulchritudinous ensemble through elaborate and complicated dance routines. In "Palmy Days" she became an accomplice and coadjutor to Eddie Cantor and the elongated Charlotte Greenwood. Goldwyn was so pleased that he signed her to a five year contract. He may pull stardom out of his hat at any moment.

Barbara was born in Boston. Her theatrical life began in a New York chorus. Gene Buck took her out of the chorus and gave her a speaking part in "Ringside". Barbara immediately went Hamlet. She enrolled in two dramatic schools and tried to decide whether she'd be an Ethel Barrymore or a Katherine Cornell. But Fate sort of decided everything for her and the following season found her back in the chorus. And that's where Goldwyn found her. Her nickname's Bobbie.



Eric Linden

*An Old Experienced Actor
of Twenty Summers*

YOUNG Eric Linden is wise in the ways of the world. Although he is just twenty, the age when most boys are still in college and enjoying the egotism of youth, Eric has been making his living for six years. He has battered Broadway since he was fourteen, and in turn been battered by Broadway, which is a grand cure for egotism.

Before he was old enough to don long pants he gained admission to the New York Theatre Guild and they retained him under contract for two years. Then came more Broadway plays, and still more. When he rolls them off now it is hard to believe that you are listening to a lad of twenty rather than a veteran of eighty. Furthermore, he spent a couple of seasons in Paris with the English Players. After Paris he felt the need of a little fresh air so he went on a bicycle tour and managed to cover almost all of Europe before his money gave out.

Eric doesn't look like an actor. You'd pass him on the street without giving him a glance. He likes to make himself inconspicuous. Maybe Hollywood will change that. He hasn't made up his mind yet whether or not he likes Hollywood. He blushes when you ask him.

Radio Pictures wanted a juvenile lead for "Are These Our Children?" and wired Eric to fly to the Coast for a test. He got the job—and a contract. Director Ruggles thinks he's swell.



FAMOUS STARS or FORGOTTEN FACES?



Joan Marsh

*Born into the
Celluloid Kingdom*

BEFORE she could even walk or talk Joan Marsh was a movie actress. It's just as well that people didn't go in for autographs in those days for little Joan would have been horribly embarrassed. She was only nine months old when she made her film debut in "Hearts Aflame". They say she gurgled beautifully without sound. Next she played a child rôle in "Daddy Long Legs" when Mary Pickford was *Judy Abbott*.

Then papa Charles Rosher, famous Hollywood cinematographer (camera man to you and you—and me too), decided that it was time that daughter Joan was subjected to an education. Joan was born in Porterville, California, but the Roshers soon moved to Hollywood, so it was there she was educated in public and private schools. She took an active part in amateur theatricals until graduation, and then she returned to films—a big girl now. Her first ingenue rôle was in "The King of Jazz", followed by "All Quiet on the Western Front". It was after this picture that she was signed by M-G-M on a long term contract and assigned to parts in "Inspiration", "Dance, Fools, Dance", and "Politics".

Joan is five feet, two inches tall, and weighs 104 pounds. She is very blonde and has light blue eyes. Her favorite sports are tennis and golf and her ambition is to sing in light opera. Her birthday is July 10 and she is not related to Marian Marsh.

Allan Lane

*He May Grab the Mike
and Make a Touchdown*

ALLAN LANE was born in Indiana near South Bend, so it was only natural that he should register at Notre Dame just as soon as possible. And once at Notre Dame it was only natural that he should become a football player and get his picture in the Sunday rotogravure sections. He couldn't play football the year round, unfortunately, so he solaced himself with baseball and basketball and any other form of athletics that he could find lying around the campus. He determined to become a professional athlete.

But one summer he got a job with a local stock company and he changed his mind about that professional business. He found that he liked footlights better than stadiums. He was touring in "Hit the Deck" when he decided to take a much needed rest in Hollywood—that is, he'd call it a rest if he didn't get a job with the movies. But he did.

He free-lanced with Fox and with M-G-M but it was First National who offered him a five year contract after "The Forward Pass" in which he supported Doug Fairbanks, Jr.

Allan is six feet in height and weighs 180 pounds. He has blue eyes of the smiling variety and dark brown hair that musses easily. There are dimples too, girls, but kindly admire them in silence. He has a good line of chatter and he spells his name with an "a". He has appeared recently in "Smart Money".





Garbo and the
new bangs



Joan Crawford—And
now it's dark again



Anita Page—Charm-
ingly original



Lily Damita—Just an
old-fashioned girl



Loretta Young—A Coiffure
of youthful charm

The CROWNING

By Muriel Babcock

IF YOU want a sure ticket to success as a personality, figure out a distinctive way to wear your hair.

The stars in Hollywood know this and try to profit by it. Look at them, or rather at their coiffures. Every single mother's daughter who has been able to devise deliberately, or stumble, quite by chance, on an unusual hair dress, has sky-rocketed to popularity.

Clara Bow became beloved as the "red head". Garbo reached fame with the long Garbo bob. Jean Harlow only had to be labeled as the "platinum blonde" to have the screen yearn for her. Marlene Dietrich does all she can with unrestrained locks (legs so far have meant far more!).

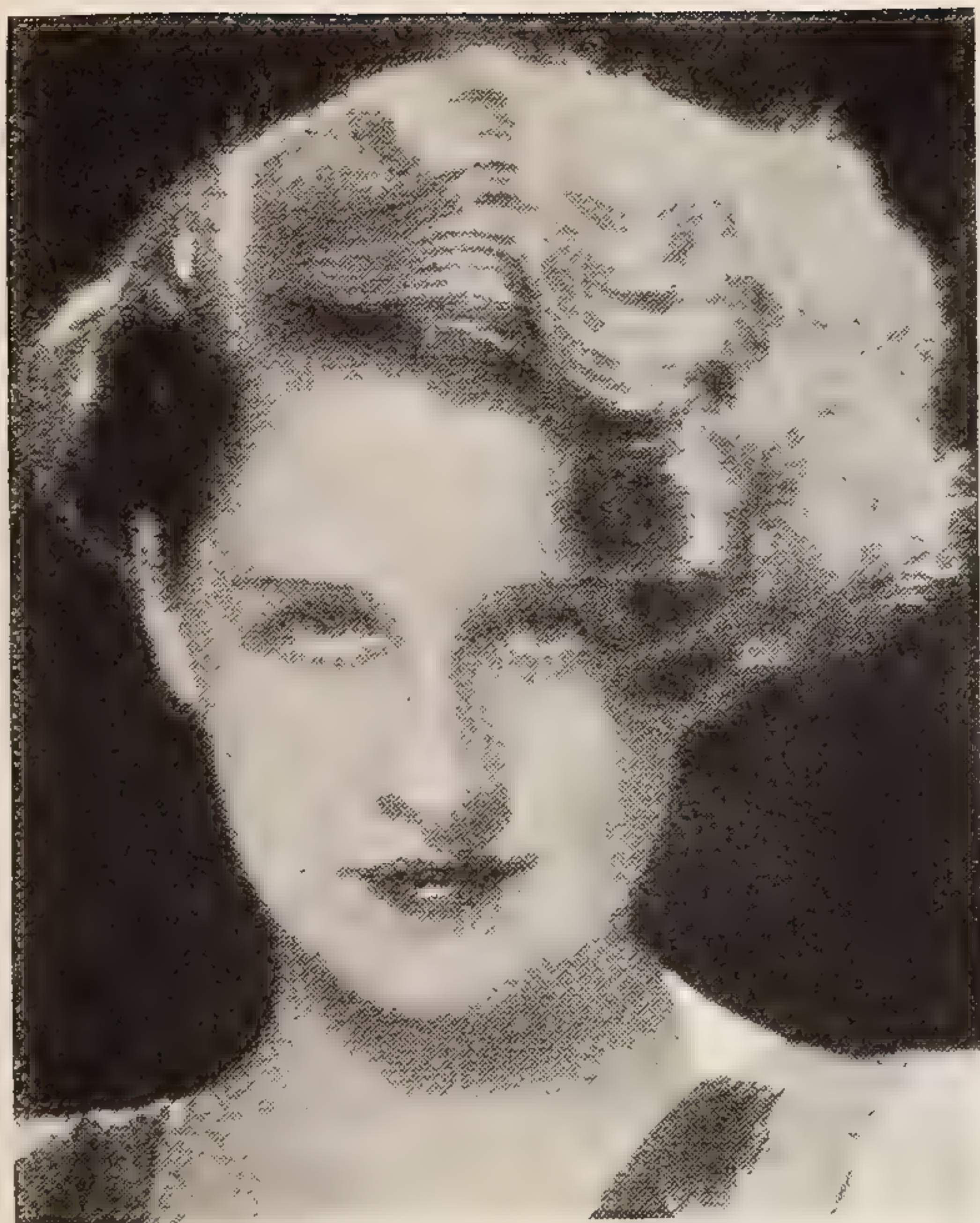
So important is the subject of hair dressing considered by the men who pay the bills at the Hollywood studios that of late years high-priced experts—not just Sadie and Rosie from the beauty shops—are engaged on a yearly basis to supervise the stars' coiffures. These are often men of brains, imagination, who have delved into the modes and manners of the past, who have a feeling and an eye for what is good and what is bad.

It is these gentlemen who put forth—on the heads of the stars—the new styles of hair dress that you see in your movie fare and copy. You may have thought of Hollywood as a dress style center—consider it now in the light of a hair dress style center.

Thousands of girls all over the country have gone "platinum blonde" since Jean Harlow started pulsating on the screen. Howard Hughes' office gets hundreds of queries each month for pictures of Miss Harlow and for the recipe for the "platinum blonde" color. And I'll let you in on a little secret. Jean isn't a true platinum. She's a white blonde, but the other phrase sounds better so the press agents use it. Most

Imagine Taking Your
Setting a Style for the

SILVER SCREEN



Norma Shearer—Personality dominates her hair styles



Dorothy Mackaill looks best with her hair close and knows it



The famous Platinum Blonde—Jean Harlow

GLORIES of HOLLYWOOD

people don't know the difference. Platinum has such an expensive sound.

Getting right down to business, if you are really interested, there are only three true blondes in Hollywood. Ann Harding, Greta Garbo and Thelma Todd. Ann is the only authentic one. Her hair is a lovely, pure blonde. Garbo's is slate color. Thelma Todd's is just blonde.

Did you know that Garbo's hair often has to be curled ten times in a day? It's a fact. That beautiful long bob which so intrigues you is attained only by very hard work. Garbo's hair is very fine, almost stringy. It will hardly hold a curl. Ordinarily, during her off hours, she lets it go straight and doesn't care. And it looks simply terrible. As soon as they get her on the set during a working day, however, they heat the old curling iron and fix her up.

And Clara Bow's famous "red head" is really a light brown. She is a carrot shade when she first came to pictures—Clara is always something new for the fun of it—and everybody commented on the striking color. Studio officials sent word to Clara to keep it that way. She did.

Yet Jean Harlow, Greta Garbo, Clara Bow are known the world over for distinctive heads of hair. Natural or artificial, they have something unique and something that's talked about.

Sixty percent of the Gloria Swanson success for years and years was due to her clothes and her hair. Maybe you didn't know it, but Lili Swanson had her own jewel of a hair dresser, a colored girl known as "Hattie". Now Hattie, who enjoyed her quiet bottle, was a goddess in her way and a queen. In the days when Swanson reigned at Paramount, Hattie's rule was even more pronounced on the studio lot. As long as she wanted, anything Hattie said "went". Inebriated or sober, she could do more with two locks of Swanson's hair [Continued on p. 11]



Lita Chevret—Exotic and individual

Hair Brush and Whole World to Follow

for DECEMBER 1931

The LUCK of LUKAS

Paul Is Always Learning "Somesing" (with the Accent, the Very Charming Accent, on Paul)



By
Edward
Churchill

Dorothy Jordan and Paul Lukas in "The Beloved Bachelor". The distinguished continental manner grows informal

THE story of Paul Lukas' path to stardom is the story of an unassuming man's triumph over a hundred obstacles.

Today, after casting him as Ruth Chatterton's leading man, Paramount is grooming Lukas for bigger and better stellar pictures. His future seems assured, and his present is all that any man could wish for.

Paul Lukas lives in a model bungalow in Beverly Hills with Mrs. Lukas, owns a sport roadster and an airplane and a whole library full of books.

There was a time not many years ago when he, invalided home from the World War, was tutoring children to insure one meal a day. He worked in his father's office in the day time and at night studied at a dramatic school.

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He went into the front line trenches and remained for almost a year. He achieved the rank of corporal and was mustered out in 1915, suffering from shell shock.

On his return home, his father demanded that he go into the advertising firm. Paul replied:

"I've gone through hell. I've suffered. Now, I want to have some fun. I want to do what I want to do. And I have decided to be an actor."

The elder Lukas looked down on actors. He forbade Paul to go on the stage. But Paul, sure that he was right about what he wished to do, began to study for the stage, although he compromised with his father by working in the office during the day time.

Two years drifted by. Paul was an only son. His sister had died in 1912. He finally won his father to his side, and his mother always had the utmost faith in anything he undertook. In 1917, however, the elder Lukas died, and a year later Paul's mother passed on, leaving him absolutely alone in the world.

His real struggle for fame and public notice began. It was at this time that he worked at anything he could find to do during the days, and that the children he instructed for a few hours each day assured him of his noonday meal. The war was still on, and money was pitifully hard to obtain during these lean years.

The struggle he made he later paid for in broken health, but he declares that all the sacrifice he made to become an actor was worth the anguish. During the latter part of 1917, he spent much time in front-line theatres entertaining the soldiers.

Late in 1917, he again went back into the service. This time he joined the aviation corps and learned to fly—the greatest thrill of his life, outside of being an actor. Upon his discharge, he proceeded to Budapest and there appeared on the stage until 1926. He also appeared in many Hungarian motion pictures during the silent days and built for himself a national prestige which was destined to become international.

Strangely enough he was [Continued on page 71]

When the Money Starts Rolling In



The Thrilling Day When Dreams Come True and There IS a Santa Claus

By William M. Glosson

Dorothy Lee looks back upon the days when at 14 she was a little vaudeville dancer. Her hair has grown blonde and her salary has grown huge, but for all that she is just the same ambitious kid



IT IS too bad that gold should play such a glamorous part in life. If you are an average person, you learned in childhood that a pot of gold rests at the end of the rainbow and many times you have listened to the charming story of Cinderella and her fairy godmother.

As you grew older, the dream that you might be a Cinderella persisted in your heart. Many, many times you whispered to yourself, *If I only had a million dollars.* Perhaps the first time you made the wish, you wanted more than anything in all the world to give your mother a beautiful home and lovely clothes and things so dear to her heart. And again, maybe you yearned for riches during a moment of romance, when you dreamed of driving up to *her* house in a magnificent limousine with chauffeur and footman, and nonchalantly assuming an air of indifference to her admiring *ohs* and *ahs*.

Those are your dreams—but suppose you should open your eyes and discover you were not dreaming!

Suppose that it was all very, very real and that you were rich and could buy everything your heart desired! Suppose, in other words, you were in Hollywood and the fairy godmother who dwells there waved her wand over your head and you became a famous motion

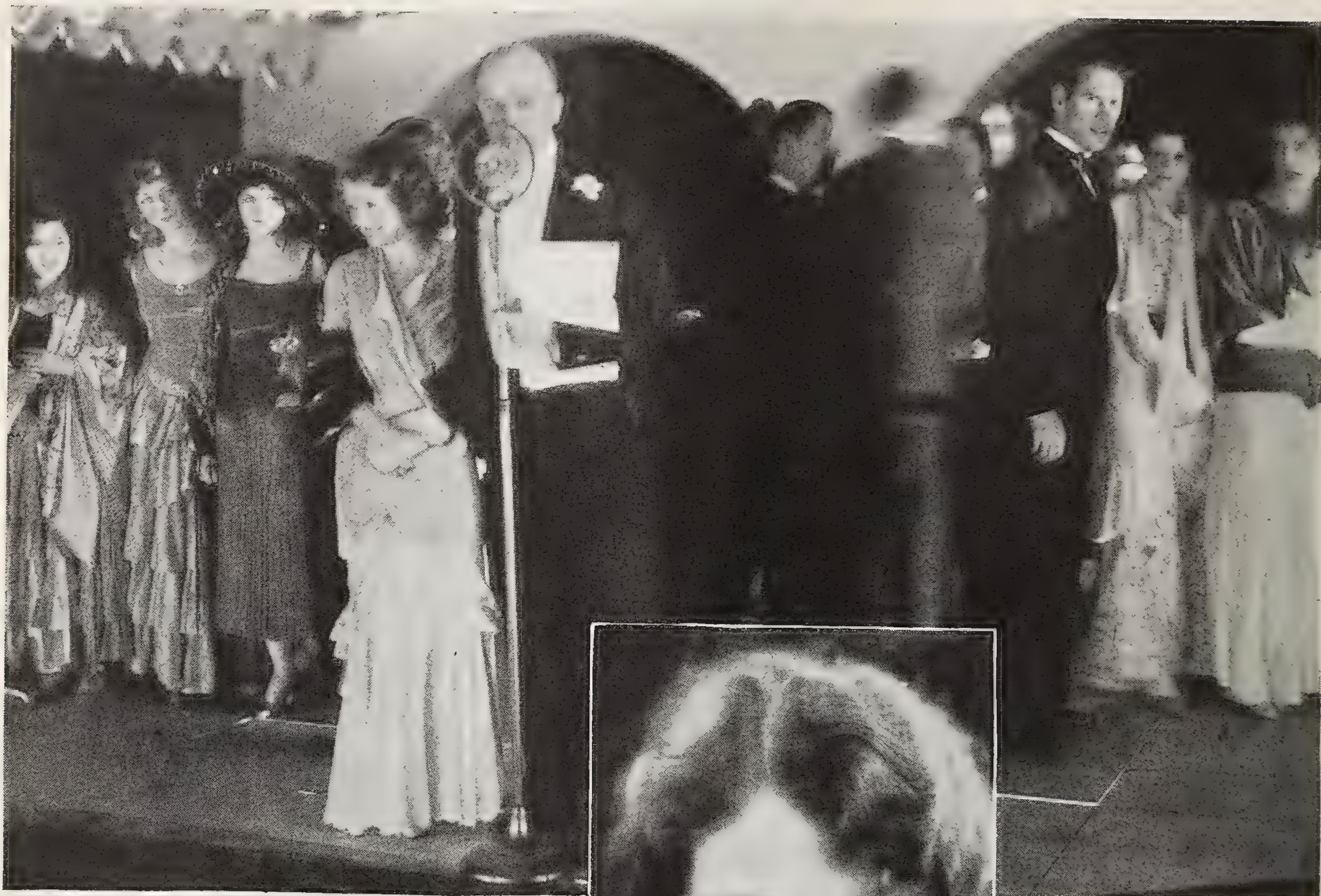
In the days when Marian Nixon was an extra, she was a very good extra indeed, and one thing leading to another, Marian is now happily married to a millionaire and a lovely home

picture star with an unbelievable salary and limousines and ermine wraps and a mansion with a private swimming pool. And all of a sudden you found you need not worry about money because as fast as you spent it, there would always be more.

The story of Cinderella is no more miraculous than the in-



Fame May Have Its Fascination but Fortune Has the Kick



Janet Gaynor when she played in "The Return of Peter Grimm" and above, Janet, the great star, at the opening doings of "Daddy Long Legs" in Hollywood

credible tales of Janet Gaynor, who once danced in theatre prologues and lived in a tiny duplex, and now visits Honolulu twice a year and owns a mansion in Beverly Hills; of Marion Nixon, who shared a four-dollar-a-week room with a girl chum and now lives on a seventy-five thousand dollar estate; and of Dorothy Lee, who once worked seven days every week, Christmas and holidays, in squalid theatres, earning barely enough money to pay living expenses, and now drives a high-powered roadster and has scores of suitors at her feet.

Just as you did, these girls once closed their eyes and dreamed of fame and fortune. But unlike most of us, they opened their eyes to find their fairy godmother had waved her magic wand and lo, their dreams had come true.

I talked with Dorothy Lee the day she signed her new contract. By its terms she will receive more than half a million dollars within five years, which is an average salary of two thousand dollars every single week until the month of June, 1936. When Dorothy was in vaudeville, her salary was thirty dollars weekly. For every dollar she received then, her amazing new contract provides her with seventy dollars. If she carried five dollars in her purse then, she may now carry three hundred and fifty dollars. Instead of buying a twelve dollar dress, as she once did, she may now afford eight hundred and forty dollars for a single gown.

"While I feel no different today than yesterday, I realize that a new life is beginning for me," Dorothy

said. "Money has never meant much to me because I never believed I would have a great deal. I don't believe the new contract will change my style of living to any great extent."

Several months have passed since the contract was signed and here are a few of the things that have happened to Dorothy:

Instead of a Ford roadster, she owns a high-powered, eight cylinder coupe that cost six times as much money.

In lieu of the plain serge coat she once called "her best", she has an ermine wrap trimmed with sable and about a dozen tailored coats trimmed with fox, mink or beaver.

She owns a charming home with a tennis court, swimming pool and a huge playroom, and she employs a chauffeur, maid and gardener.

Picture, if you can, the [Continued on page 78]

"BE YOURSELF," Says Polly Moran, "LIKE ME and GARBO"

"Sure I've Got a Following—but Lord Help Me if They Ever Catch Me!"

By
Helen Ludlam

SCREAMS of laughter issued above the clatter of dishes and babble of tongues from the southeast corner of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer commissary. In this corner is a long table known as the Press Table around which, any time between eleven-forty-five and two-thirty, gather the studio publicity bunch, a visiting writer or two, and a few players for luncheon and gossip.

"What's going on over there?" I asked, as we made our way toward the spot as fast as we could for bumping into Joan Crawford, Bob Montgomery, Ramon Novarro and a few others in passing.

"Oh, that's Polly Moran hitting on all six as usual," my escort said.

Polly almost always sits at the press table where she is the life of the party. On this particular day she had everyone in stitches of mirth and I really thought someone would have to carry Charles Bickford out. "Say," Polly said, "if these two Bryn Mawr graduates weren't here

(meaning myself and another writer) I'd give you boys an earful worth listening to."

As probably everyone knows, Polly Moran's home town is Chicago, "And I know it shot for shot," she says soulfully. She has been on the screen since 1915, beginning on the Mack Sennett lot in a series of comedies with Charlie Murray. Polly also toured the country in vaudeville doing a "single" for years. And she crossed the ocean fourteen times to make London and the provinces of South Africa laugh.

She is the happy clown of the Metro lot where she has been for the past six years, first as a free lance and now as a contract player. Wherever she goes there may be seen a little knot of laughing people around her.

"Listen," she turned to me. "Will you please say this if you write anything about me, that when I'm dressed up I really am a fine looking woman. I've got to get that in somehow for my mother's sake. She'll frame those words. I have to carry her out of every theatre we go to when there is a picture of mine because I look so terrible."

And Polly is a fine looking woman when she's dressed up but that isn't often, even off

the set. Polly can't be bothered. Those bungalow aprons are too comfortable. So are the carpet slippers. She often shops on the boulevard in this outfit and on one memorable occasion when she was making a personal appearance at a theatre in the desert one summer she appeared in her best evening gown and the carpet slippers. Her manager thought she had forgotten to change and frantically called her maid.

"Nothing doing, Bill," she told him. "My airedales are blown up like a pair of balloons in this heat and it's the carpet slippers or an Isadora Duncan for me tonight."

After all, Polly's audience doesn't care how she looks—the funnier the better. I'll bet she brought down the house when she explained, as [Continued on page 60]



Polly greets the world with a smile and the world laughs right out loud



"What kind of pie is this?" demands Polly of her nurses. "It tastes like pyorrhea"

Just a Home Girl

Lilyan Tashman Adds a Smart Touch Wherever She Is

By James Marion

LILYAN TASHMAN'S Beverly Hills home is partially hidden behind drooping pepper trees which fairly growl at prying visitors. It is approachable only by way of a flagstone walk that winds mysteriously through the heavy foliage and ends before a massive door bearing a heavy knocker—and further dignified by a small opening, fortified with an iron grating. Through this opening, one inside may safely peer upon one outside and admit or deny that Miss Tashman is "at home".

After the knocker is lifted and dropped (there is a bell but it seldom is used), a cockney face will appear



In the Tashman home one often finds priceless antiques, just knicknacks, assorted bottles, and Eddie Lowe



at the grated opening and a decidedly English voice will demand, "What is it?" The face and voice belong to Miss Tashman's imported English maid, who is said to have come into this country tax exempt.

There is a microphonic apparatus inside the door and when a visitor makes known his business and name, his voice is transmitted to Miss Tashman's room by means of a loud speaker. There she makes her decision to see or not to see. A convenient buzzer instructs the maid that Miss Tashman is or is not in, as the case may be, whereupon the visitor is politely informed that the lady of the house is absent or else he is invited inside.

Beyond the massive portal lies a small entry hall with doors on each of its four sides—the front door, an entrance to the dining room on the right, an exit into the garden patio toward the rear end, on the left, a step upward into the drawing room of that prominent pair of Hollywoodians, Miss Tashman and husband, Edmund Lowe, who is nothing if not at all times charming.

It is not possible to possess a lukewarm feeling toward the drawing room. One [Continued on page 69]

The NEW LIFE of LILA LEE

Lila Has Returned to Live Again and This Time With a Great Purpose

A FEW days before Lila Lee went to Arizona, I talked to her. She was a pale girl with eyes too large and a terrifying cough, leaving Hollywood to wage a desperate fight for life. A frightened, despondent woman with a spot on her lungs going to Arizona because there Nature would be on her side—Nature in the form of dry, arid desert air.

Behind her lay her career, her hopes, her friends and the many years of happiness that had been hers when she was a star. Ahead of her lay—what? Not even the finest physicians dared prophesy.

Now, after nine, long, hopeless months spent in her fight against tuberculosis Lila has returned. Cured? Yes. Grateful? Yes. But not the happy, carefree Lila Lee that set out for her life struggle with the dread disease. For Lila feels that her life was given back to her for a purpose, and it is this purpose which dominates her life, which has changed the laughing Lila into a serious, deeply religious woman, but none the less, a charming one.

I have mentioned that Lila is now a religious woman. I do not mean to insinuate that she wasn't always religious. But before she went to the desert, hers was a sort of vague, careless worship common to the average man or woman. She knew there was a God and she was hazily thankful for His goodnesses. But it never occurred to her to take time off from her business and social activities to discover why the Lord put her on earth and to ascertain what she was doing to prove she appreciated the privilege of having been born.

In Arizona, flat on her back for months and months with only letters and memories to recall the gay hours and blissful friends of yesterday, she had nothing to do but rest and think. When a fellow thinks for a



By
James M.
Fidler

Lila Lee brought back from Arizona a vision. Other picture stars too have dreams which they are striving to make come true

very long time, he begins to wonder about life and God and why this and why that. Lila gradually came to the realization that flowers were put here to cast fragrance and cows to supply milk and hens to lay eggs. Why, Lila asked herself, was *she* created. Not to waste her lifetime worrying entirely about her own affairs she decided. Then it was that Lila conceived a new purpose:

She will save her money and when she has enough, she will build a sanitarium where tubercular people without funds may find help in the fight against disease.

"When I first went into the sanitarium I was so afraid of dying that I thought of nothing else," Lila told me. "My first reaction was resentment. I argued with myself that I had lived a clean, decent life and done my best to be fair and kind. Then why, I questioned, was I being punished? Why had I lost the money I worked so hard to save? Why was I dying? I even decided, in my semi-delirium, that God was being unjust.

"As time dragged wearily past and my condition slowly improved, I began to wonder if there wasn't a reason for me being stricken. The thought persisted that the Lord must have had a reason for confining me where I could do nothing but think. As I regained my strength and doctors told me I would live, I became thankful instead of resentful.

"One thing continued worrying me. It was an eternal question: If it wasn't intended that I should die, why was I there? One night the answer came to me. I wasn't dreaming; at least, I do not remember dreaming. I only recall that suddenly I was awake and saying over and over: *What have I done worth while?*

"I knew immediately I had discovered the solution to my eternal question. I [Continued on page 64]



RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE

Rating: GOOD

Fox

If it's a grand old western you crave with plenty of action and dare-devil riding and a hero that's virile and proud of it—step right up to the box office, lads. George O'Brien on the hunt for his long lost sister arrives at her ranch just in time to save her from the annoyances, petty and otherwise, of Noah Beery and his gang of bad hombres who go in for stealing children and cattle. There's a good he-man fight. Marguerite Churchill is the sister.



FIFTY FATHOMS DEEP

Rating: FAIR

Columbia

Here's an old fashioned melodrama that you'll probably find rather interesting if you aren't too blasé. Anyway you'll be thrilled by the bottom-of-the-sea camera shots. The plot's somewhat hoary but still quite sturdy—all about two pals who are nuts about each other until a cheap little blonde gold-digger traps one of them into marriage. No more buddies. There's an exciting climax. Jack Holt, Richard Cromwell and Loretta Sayers are in it.



MY SIN

Rating: GOOD

Paramount

They did a little better by Tallulah in a story way this time, thank goodness. A slow yarn. Too much time is given to Tallulah's torn soul. It's the old plot about the lady who tries to muffle her past only to have it pop out at her at the most inopportune moment. There's a scandal and murder in Panama featuring Tallulah, and a few months later she's somebody else on Park Avenue. Fredric March plays a reformed bum.

Silver Screen's



THE GUARDSMAN

Rating: EXCELLENT

M-G-M

If you've been staying awake nights wondering if you're sophisticated, here's your chance to find out. If you're sophisticated you'll be simply crazy about "The Guardsman". The picture is superlatively done by the Theatre Guild's Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. It's about an actor who suspects that his wife is about to embark on an infidelity. He disguises himself as a Russian soldier and carries on an intrigue with his own wife. What fun! And did she know?



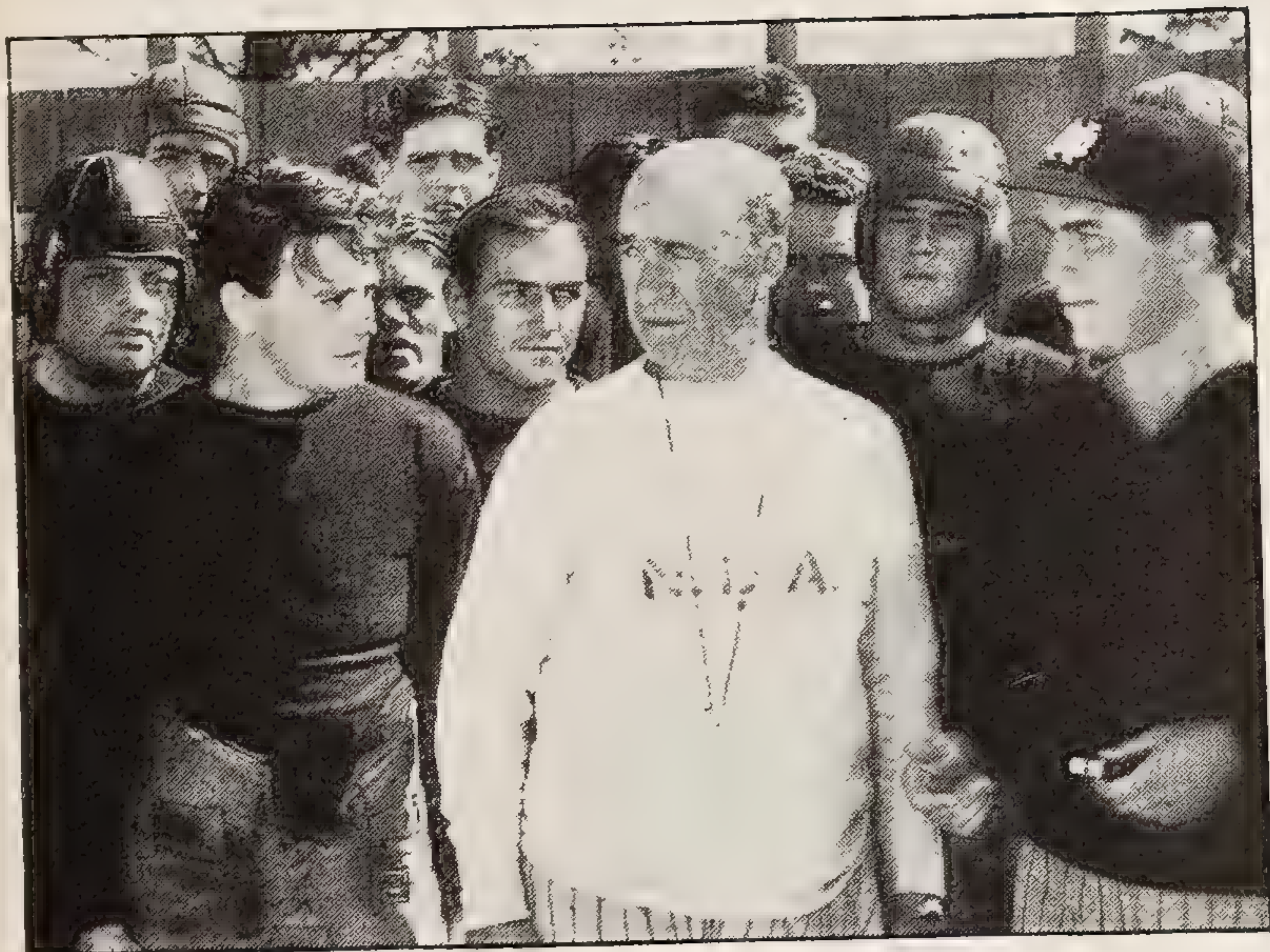
FIVE STAR FINAL

Rating: EXCELLENT

First National

Here is grand entertainment for you and a picture that socks a wallop that you won't recover from for a long time. It takes a rap at the scandal tabloid sheets and you'll burn with fury—but you'll keep on reading them. Frances Starr plays a happily married woman with a daughter about to marry into the social register. A nosy tabloid digs up a scandal on her with tragic results. Edward G. Robinson is great as the newspaper man. Marion Marsh is the pretty daughter.

Reviewing Stand



SPIRIT OF NOTRE DAME

Rating: EXCELLENT
Universal

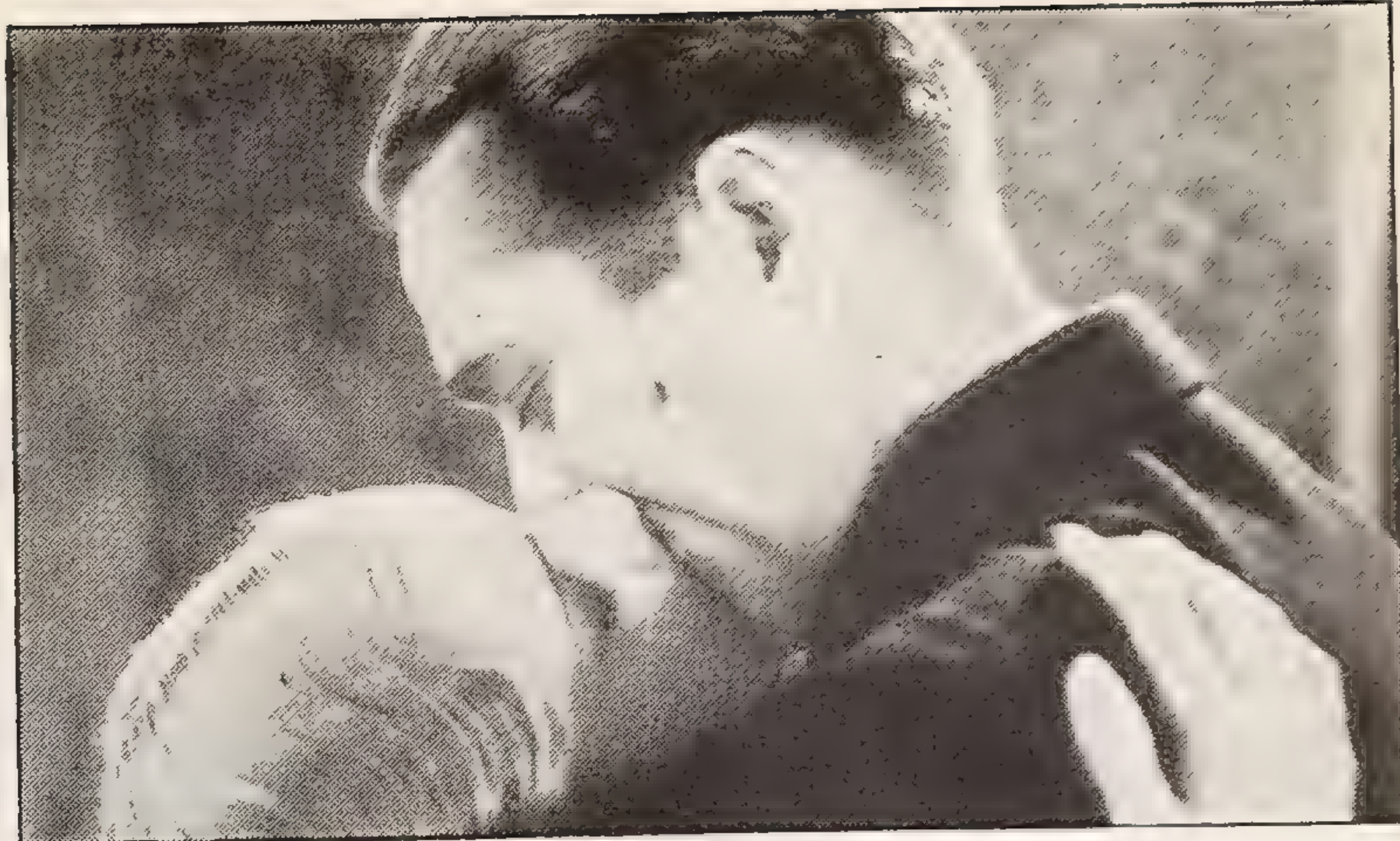
This picture successfully perpetuates the memory of Knute Rockne and will make every drop of red blood in your veins tingle. It glorifies loyalty, team play and courage. All love interest and conventional intrigue are forgotten in favor of "The Spirit of Notre Dame" which is the spirit of the gridiron and the spirit of fair play. The picture is studded with football stars including the famous "Four Horsemen". And—glory be—Lew Ayres is with us again.



UNHOLY GARDEN

Rating: GOOD
United Artists

The gals will again rally 'round the suave and engaging Ronnie, but it will be the men who get the biggest kick out of this picture for it is packed full of regular he-man action. Hidden away in Algiers is a hotel where a motley crowd of law-breakers have taken refuge. Colman, a bank robber, joins in their plans to rob an aged embezzler of his loot. But he falls in love with the old man's daughter—and goes noble. Fay Wray and Estelle Taylor make the best of small parts.



SOB SISTER

Rating: GOOD
Fox

Did you fall for James Dunn in "Bad Girl?" Well, here's your chance to see him again. In this flicker he's a news-hound with ambitions, and his greatest joy in life is to annoy a femme reporter, better known as a sob sister. Of course he eventually falls in love with her, though he has definite ideas about marriage. Here are "scoops" and "deadlines" and "love nests" and rack-teers. Linda Watkins is fair as the sob sister.



CONSOLATION MARRIAGE

Rating: GOOD
Radio

Irene Dunne proves that she is a brilliant and sophisticated actress. In this film she plays the rôle of a young girl who gives her sweetheart to a wealthy woman so that he might pursue a concert career. She meets a romantic, hard-drinking newspaper man who has just been turned down by the girl of his dreams. They are married on the spur of the moment. What happens? Find out for yourself. Great stuff. Pat O'Brien is the newspaper lad.



DEVOTION

Rating: GOOD
RKO-Pathé

A rather trite story becomes a charming picture through the simply grand acting of Ann Harding and Leslie Howard. You've never seen that team before but you'll want to see it again. Two of the best actors on the screen, and I wouldn't kid you. It's the old thread-bare plot of the girl who goes to work in disguise for the man she loves just to be near him. Of course she's discovered—with the usual results. There's a swell supporting cast.

MORE MOVIE

[Continued]



Dorothy Jordan flirting with the sound engineer in the M-G-M portable "mixing" room. It is sound proof but Dorothy's charm enters without difficulty

MARIE DRESSLER spent a part of October in New York on vacation and had a grand time seeing plays and old friends. Marie was quite a sensation in the restaurants and theatres where she was always instantly recognized. She's back on the M-G-M lot now ready to start work on "Emma", which will doubtless get a new name. Her leading man hasn't been chosen to date. Why shouldn't Marie have a chance at Clark Gable? All the other Metro girls have had him. First Joan, then Norma, then Greta, so how about letting Marie have a go at him?

JACK PICKFORD is critically ill. Mary Pickford is constantly at his bedside.

THERE'S quite a snap in the air these days, and in the fingers too for that matter, and everybody feels like getting up and going some place. And of course only a Garbo can get any fun out of going places alone—and we've always had doubts about Garbo's idea of fun anyway—so now's the open dating season in Hollywood. Cute little Sidney Fox has been seen dancing at all the better hotels and clubs with Eddie Buzzell, and there are rumors that it won't be long now. But you know how roomers are, said the landlady as she peeped through the keyhole—here today and gone tomorrow.

AND while we are on the subject we might mention that lovely Billie Dove is "falling in love again"—and this time it's a big he-man rancher named Bob Kenaston. Bob went on a hunting trip recently but he heard (the little birds probably told him) that Billie wasn't sitting home writing poetry while he was away so he hurried back to Hollywood.



Jackie Cooper decides to write himself a good fat part with lots of candy in it

AND maybe it was that Harvest moon that got Wesley Ruggles feeling all romantic. Anyway he "ups" to Arline Judge and proposes matrimony, and she "ups" to him, and then they went into a big clench without benefit of camera. Wesley, as you know, is the ace-high director for Radio Pictures, and the brother of Charlie Ruggles. Arline is a twenty-year-old New York girl and was signed to a contract for Radio just at the time Ruggles was being wildly acclaimed for his successful and marvelous direction of "Cimarron". Arline has a featured part in "Are These Our Children?" which was also directed by Ruggles. Maybe he fell in love with her because she took orders so sweetly.

SALLIE O'NEIL was squired to Marion Davies home-coming party by no less than the one and only Lewis Milestone, famous bachelor-director. Sallie has gotten so thin that we think it is now safe for her to devour a baked Idaho potato.

ONA MUNSON is back from a theatrical engagement in San Francisco and Ernst Lubitsch smiles again. Everywhere you look in Hollywood the big director man and the charming star are seen together. These directors seem to be all the rage now. Grab yourself a director, girls, and let's play Post Office.

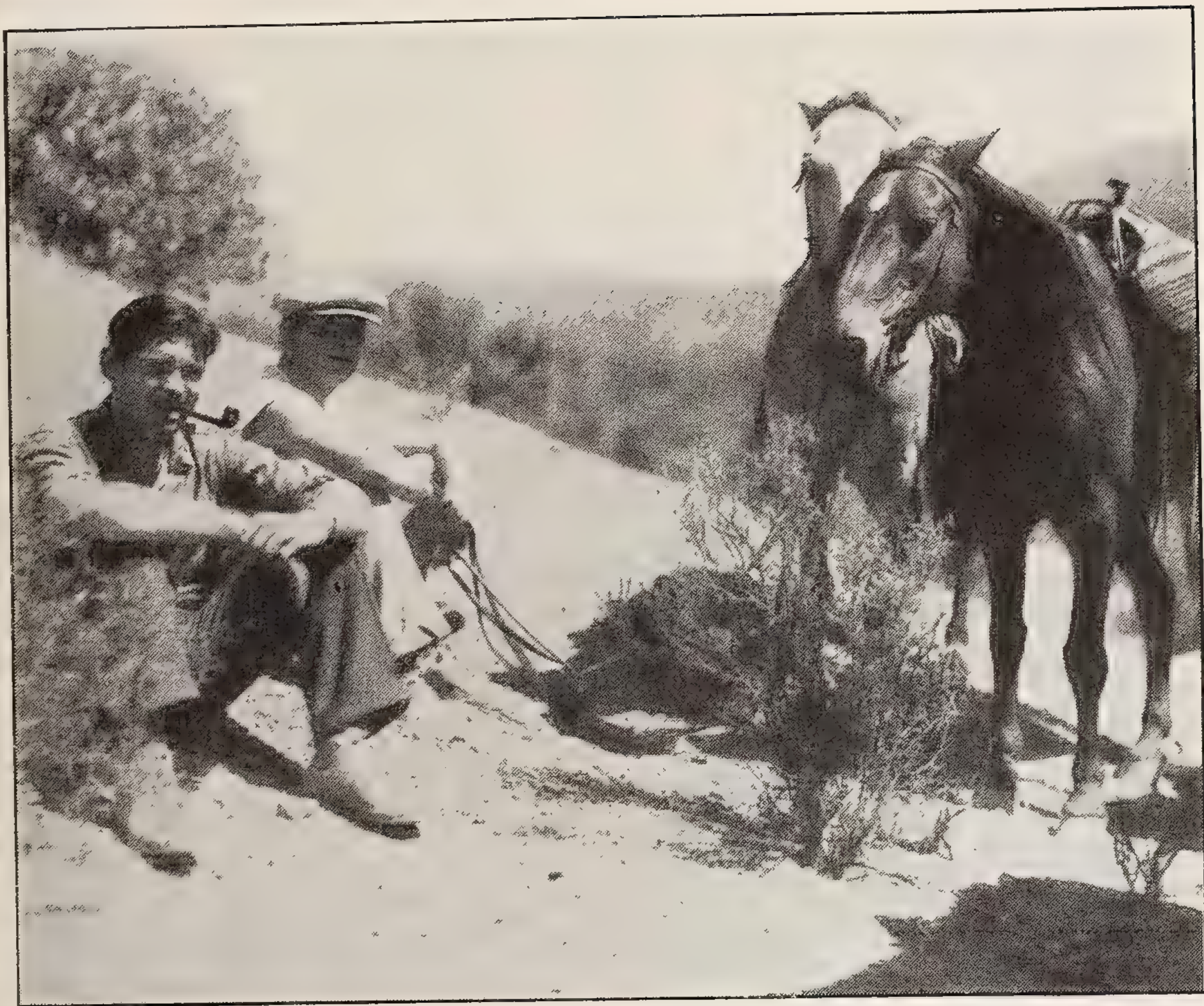
LEW AYRES and Lola Lane eloped to Las Vegas, Nevada, September 15, and were married by Judge Orr. The Judge was hearing a murder case when they arrived but declared a recess long enough to perform the wedding ceremony. Then Lew hurried Lola into his automobile and shouted to reporters that their honeymoon would be spent at Jackson's Hole, Wyoming, camping and hunting. Two famous Hollywood elopements recently ended in divorce. We refer to Jack Gilbert and Ina Claire, and Loretta Young and Grant Withers. Better luck to you, Lew!

CONSTANCE CUMMINGS has a new beau who is most attentive. He's Leslie McFadden, son of Congressman McFadden of Pennsylvania, and he and Constance make a charming couple at all of Hollywood's joy spots.

"FIVE STAR FINAL" is still standing them up on Broadway and seems to be the hit picture of the year. Much praise is due its director, Mervyn Le Roy. When Mervyn was in New York last spring to get a look at the play to size up its picture possibilities the ticket seller refused him a pass to the theatre and laughed out loud when Mervyn said he was Mr. Le Roy of Hollywood. He thought Mervyn was a kid trying to crash a play.

TOWN TOPICS

from page 17]



Clark Gable is a regular guy in the open, however menacing he may be in a picture boudoir

GLORIA refrained from even answering the rumor that she had married Michael Farmer. It is a safe bet that Gloria would do nothing like that until her divorce decree becomes final, at least. Gloria and Michael are "that way" all right, and are seen at all the smart places together. They startled members of the Bel Air Bay Club recently by appearing together in white flannel trousers and dark blue coats. The style was not too becoming to Gloria's figure. They danced together all evening. That is, they stood together on the floor and kept time to the music, if that can be called dancing.

The party which her friends chipped in and gave Marion Davies on her return from abroad was quite a simple little affair. It only cost ten thousand dollars.

THE Great Garbo will wear a dress in "Mata Hari" more magnificent than any screen creation has ever been. Fifteen girls, working for six solid weeks under Gilbert Adrian, Metro's designer, contrived the garment at actual cost to the studio of \$3,000. The dress is fashioned of silver threads woven through enormous quantities of crystal beads. And the whole thing weighs enough to stagger a strong man in a circus. Thank heavens, these Scandinavians are sturdy. Maybe the old meanies won't call Greta anaemic any more when they see her supporting that gown.

FOR the sake of the picture, Joan Crawford sacrificed a new pair of navy-blue kid, made-to-order pumps, which cost \$25. On the set of "The Mirage", the sound expert announced that a sharp clack was ruining the recording. The noise was traced to Joan's high heeled slippers. She submitted them to an operation. The heels were taken off and lower ones substituted. Which ruined them as far as Joan was concerned. She never wears low-heel slippers off the set, and all of her footgear is made to order on account of the smallness of her feet.

WILLIAM HAINES is in the East on a personal appearance tour. He was a riot at the Capitol in New York and all the autograph hounds, who were able to pick themselves up out of the aisles where prodigious laughter had thrown them, gave him a merry chase. Nice boy, Willie. And weren't you crazy about his latest picture "Get Rich Quick Wallingford"? What a knock-out that Jimmie Durante is in the same picture. We've been seeing Jimmie in New York stay-updates for many years but we never fully appreciated him before. The old Schnozzler is right there with as neat a bit of comedy as the cinema can give.

DID you know that Connie Bennett is an expert tennis player and that she will sit up playing backgammon as long as she can find anyone who'll play with her?



This is Shirley Jean Rickert who plays about with "Our Gang"—losing a tooth or two in the struggle

And did you know that Joan Crawford has hired a personal body-guard? Whasso matter, Joan, somebody wanna kidnap you?

BELIEVE it or not but this actually happened. Ernie Pagano, Educational's dialogue director, was with his troupe "on location" in front of the Los Angeles Ambassador Hotel taking scenes for an Ideal Comedy. Ernie was instructing Virginia Brooks on how she should exit from a scene, running backwards. To illustrate his idea, Ernie gave a demonstration and—backed right into an old lady who was approaching the hotel.

Ernie offered his profuse apologies and explained that a scene for a motion picture was being taken and "would she kindly step aside until the scene was finished." After the shot was made, Ernie, still feeling sorry over the bump he had given the old lady, placed a chair in a convenient spot and asked her if she would like to be seated and watch how a motion picture was made. The lady thanked him and said, "I would be very interested. You know, my son makes pictures too."

"Is that so," Ernie said sweetly, just to be polite. "Perhaps I know him. What's his name?"

"Jesse Lasky," beamed the little old lady. Ernie Pagano did a quick fade-out.

WHEN Alfred the Great built a monastery in England, little did he know one of the cells would some day be the study room of a future popular motion picture actor.

Roland Young attended the school which was once the monastery. The huge iron keys were six inches long and each boy carried one to his room. They were the identical keys which had hung from the robes of the monks centuries ago, as they paced the halls and read their Bibles.

Robert Montgomery

tells HIS LIFE STORY

to Marquis Busby

AFTER I succeeded in getting myself born into the Montgomery household in the merry month of May, 1904, I sighed with relief. The Montgomerys had a family tree, a home on the Hudson, and a good bank balance so I thought I had done right well by myself and would glide through life as easily as possible. But I didn't know about life's little jokes—then. My earliest recollection is riding in a sleigh with my nurse and the sleigh turning over and giving me a biff on the dome. Maybe that's the reason I became an actor. Anyway, I entered the Overfield Academy when I was eight, went to Europe when I was eleven, and was subjected to Pawling when I was twelve. Then Grandfather lost his fortune, and so did Father. . . . And I found out a few things about the facts of life and the pangs of poverty.

PART II

CONTRARY to the usual opinion about the difficulty of landing first jobs, I had very little difficulty in joining the army of the employed. In fact my first "job" was a "position" and I made a good salary—considerably more than I earned later on. I was just seventeen then and too young to appreciate properly the kindness of G. P. Connard, President of the Railway Equipment and Publication Company. Connard was a friend of my father's, and he offered to launch me in the business world. I was his secretary. He must have smiled to himself when he gave me the position.

In practically no time at all I became one of the most important people in the organization—that is, in my own mind. I have no excuse to offer except that I was seventeen. "Fresh" was a mild name for it. I had three people working under me, and when I say they worked under me, I mean to place a lot of emphasis on "work". I had a remarkable genius for "passing the buck". I would open the mail in the morning, parcel out the work, including my own, and disappear for most of the day.

It must have palled on Mr. Connard after a time, for he shipped me to the Rider-Ericsson Engine Company at Waldron, New York. My days of easy living were over. It seems to me that I did just about everything there but actually taking the engines out for



The smiling boy who became a star. Bob Montgomery as he was and is

airings. I poured iron. I worked in the storeroom. I painted the roof. I worked in the drafting department.

For several weeks I was a machinist's helper in the round house. Once somebody forgot to close the throttle on one of the revolving blocks, and an engine went off the track into the pit. I remember it cost \$75,000 to repair the engine. It must have been an awful lesson to somebody. I would have hated to have been the man at fault. I would have started out the minute the engine landed and I would still be traveling.

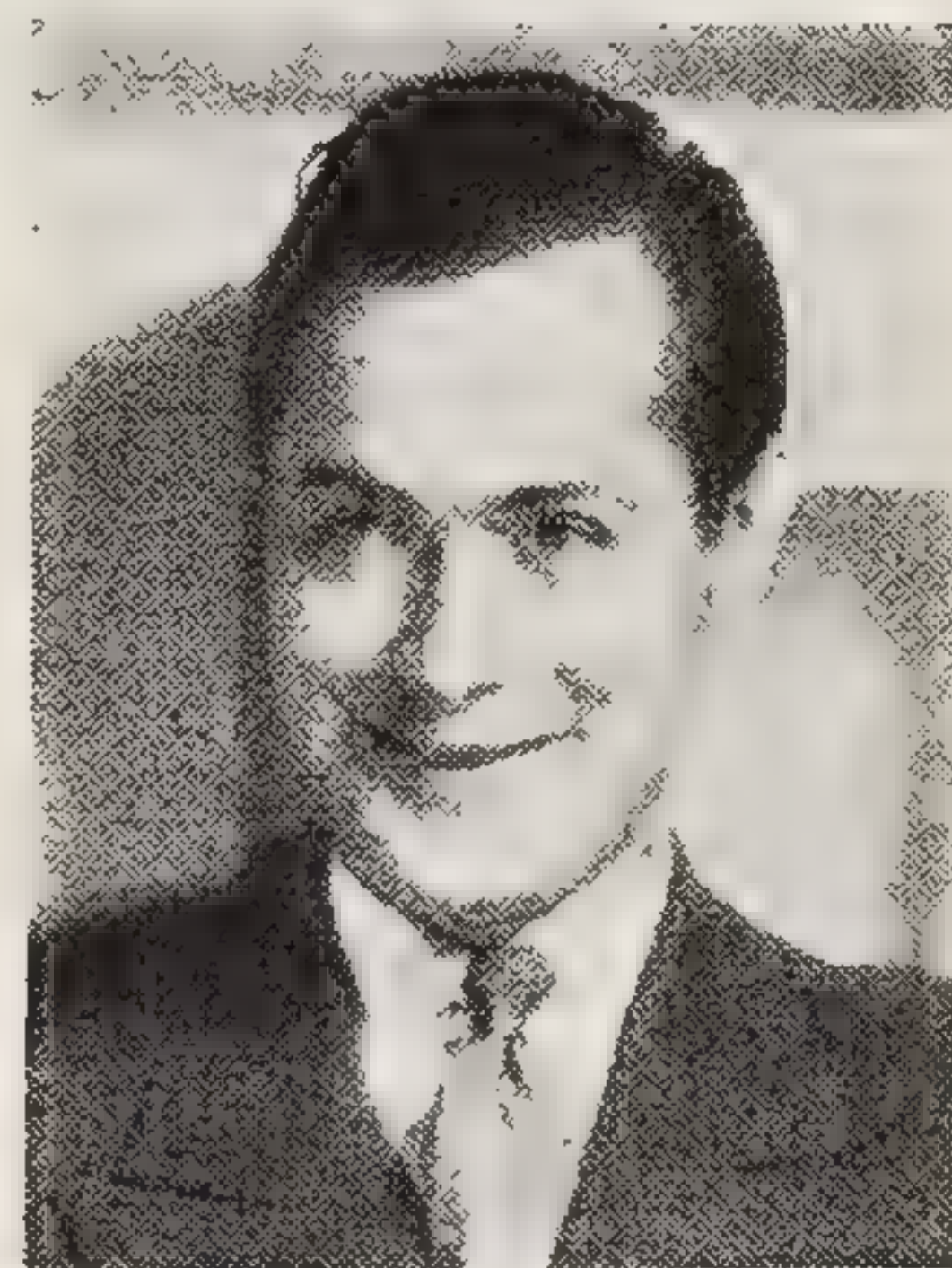
For several more weeks I helped put the tires on engine wheels. Maybe you don't know that engine wheels have tires. Well, changing an automobile tire is child's work compared to changing one on an engine. The tires are heated first. We carried them from the fire, balanced in the middle of a long rod. For a real thrill you should try running with one, and keeping perfect balance. If the tire started to slide there was nothing to do but to drop the rod and run.

The wages were supposed to be pretty good for those days. I earned seventy-one cents an hour and I never felt that I was taking money that didn't belong to me. Frequently I worked sixteen hours a day.

When I left the company I was assistant production manager. That has always been a source of gratification to me. Most of the other fellows who were working toward executive posts were graduates of technical schools.

The railroad business might have become my life's profession but I was suddenly taken with a bad case of wanderlust. And no money to gratify the desire. There is more than one way to take

[Cont. on page 76]





HURRELL

ROBERT
MONTGOMERY

BOB is at work at the M-G-M studio on the Noel Coward play "Private Lives" with Norma Shearer. This co-starring plan assures both players of the most perfect support and is expected to bring even the ticket seller into the theatre



LIPPMAN

IT MAY be that this photograph is on Doris Warner's dressing table. Anyhow, Doris who is the pretty daughter of the president of Warner Brothers, and David who is related to Lady Diana Manners Cooper are happy about something. Perhaps it is Dave's new picture "The Ruling Voice"

DAVID
MANNERS



LONGWORTH

RUTH
CHATTERTON

THE Paramount cat is very proud of his acquaintance with "The First Lady of the Screen". Paul Lukas and Ruth have finished "Once a Lady" and will soon be together in another picture called "Tomorrow and Tomorrow". Ruth has the happy faculty of making hits without waiting for the author to catch up



Fashions

*These gorgeous gowns were created for
Mr. Edward Stevenson, Creator of Fashion*



*These natty blue sailor trousers
are completed with a soft blue
crêpe blouse, open at the neck,
and particularly becoming to
Jean Harlow*

*Jean in a chartreuse green crêpe.
The bodice follows the empire
waist line which is emphasized by
a sunburst ray of bugle beads.
The skirt is made in vertical flares
molded to fit the figure*

PHOTOS
FRAKE

for 1932

an Harlow, the United Artists star, by
r Blakely House, Los Angeles, California



Jean is striking in this fascinating black and white angel skin satin evening gown. It is distinguished by its crossing diagonal bands in black satin which widen into circular panels at the side, with a dolman sleeved jacket banded at the cuff with silver fox

At the right—Violet blue crêpe and satin are combined in this afternoon dress. The blouse is of the satin side, joining the skirt in a deep V with the crêpe worked up to a high line at the side



Marian Marsh



MARIAN MARSH, the little Warner Bros. star, dresses up in the latest frocks and gowns and looks charming enough to hypnotize even Svengali

PHOTOS BY
FRYER



Satin is smart—Lace is smart—And what could be smarter than this black cire satin dinner gown with lace yoke and long fitted sleeves as worn by Marian Marsh. It is creation of Sally Milgrim



This is Marian in a Sally Milgrim street costume of wood tan tweed with fitch gills trimming. It is particularly becoming because it proclaims Marian's careless youth

Marian in a gorgeous pajama outfit created by Hickson. The smart little jacquette is of red Lyons velvet, the trousers are of gold metal cloth and the turban is of draped gold metallic cloth

fashion for the

Six Social Hours

of a

Débutante's Day



Marian wears a black velveteen formal afternoon suit trimmed with dawn grey fox, created by Hickson. The hat is of black velvet with three tone blue feather tips, the bag is of black suède with a pearl frame, the shoes are of black suède with an ivory buckle



Marian Marsh, Warner star, sponsors this evening gown of white net with pastel colored appliquéd flowers created by Sally Milgrim. Note the narrow shoulder straps, the flower at the natural waistline and the molded effect until it reaches out in a beautiful full skirt



Marian in a stunning Jay-Thorpe negligée of orchid colored transparent velvet. The collar and cuffs are edged with moleskin



RICHIE

AN ACTOR is only cast in classic rôles when he has earned the honor of being grouped with the great stars of the past. Fredric March has won this high place and is making the Robert Louis Stevenson masterpiece "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde". Here he is as Dr. Jekyll, the popular London doctor, who later becomes the hideous Mr. Hyde

FREDRIC
MARCH

Are You Helen Hayes Conscious?

[Continued from page 25]

course. One doesn't spend almost an entire lifetime in the theatre without accumulating a long list of acquaintances and friends. Her first trip through the studio was a constant procession of drop-pings-in-to-see people and of gay hellos. The telephone at her home and in her new green-and-silver dressing room rang constantly.

There was no swank, no big-star high-hattishness about this young lady from Broadway. She has had homes all over the country. Coming to Hollywood was merely moving into another, which she had often visited but in which she had never lived.

I met Miss Hayes on one of the sound stages in the M-G-M studios. She was quite grand that day, that is, as grand as an even five feet and a hundred pounds and twinkling brown eyes can be grand. She was dressed in a very low-cut and very trainy white satin evening gown of a yesterday's generation. Her brownish-blond hair was piled high in little ringlets on her head.

"They say that making motion pictures is like eating olives, you have to learn to like them both," she laughed, settling down gingerly in a folding chair so as not to muss the white satin folds of her gown. "They sort of bewilder you at first. It's so different from what you expect.

"I have learned one thing, however," she went on, seriously now, "and that is a great new respect for the picture actors. I might as well confess that we veterans of the stage looked with a sort of mature condescension on their artistic ability. We didn't take them seriously as actors. We admitted the force of their personalities and decided that it was through a screenable charm that they gained their great personality.

"But after a few weeks of experience in their game, I've come to the conclusion

that they are far greater artists than any one gives them credit for being. They work under difficulties which people of the stage don't know how to face. We, at least, can build our scenes, naturally and in ascending force. They have to cut off their emotions at dramatic moments and start right in again where they left off in a former scene. I take my hat off to them, everyone."

This, from Helen Hayes, whom many critics have acclaimed as the greatest of the younger generation of American actresses.

"You see," she continued, "I have known nothing but the stage all my life. I started when I was six, playing a child's part in the stock company in my home town of Washington. The manager liked me and through the next several seasons, he called me whenever there was a juvenile part in the plays."

Then Lew Fields came to town and saw the child Helen.

"If you and the little girl ever come to New York, look me up," he told Mrs. Brown, Helen's mother, while Helen listened with wide eyes, "and I'll find a place for her."

A year or so later mother and daughter went up to New York and followed Mr. Fields' instructions. Within a very few weeks Helen was playing a child comedy sketch with the Lew Fields' company.

From fourteen to seventeen Helen went to school at a Washington convent. She won all the debating contests, was the ring leader in all the school theatricals and seriously considered giving up her stage ambitions to become a nun.

But when she was offered the leading rôle in "Pollyanna", because the New York managers had not forgotten the little girl who "lilted", she packed her bag and her mother and was back on Broadway before her family realized what was hap-

pening. And, until June of this year, she has continued on the stage.

It was "Coquette" which brought her her greatest fame and her greatest happiness. During the time of playing the little southern girl who walked quietly out of the room and shot herself, she met and married young Charles MacArthur, newspaper man, playwright and very swell person. And it was also during "Coquette" that Mary MacArthur was born and became famed as "The Act of God" baby because a court ruled that a baby came under the Act of God classification for which theatrical contracts might be terminated.

"Before Mary was born, I never planned very definitely for the future," Miss Hayes said that day on the sound stage, "I always thought of myself as acting until I was too old to act any more. I couldn't imagine any life away from the theatre.

"But now I have very definite plans as to the future. I want to work for ten more years. Then I will retire and settle down to a quiet life with Charlie and Mary. Mary will be almost twelve then and she'll need me more than she does now when she's such a tiny thing."

Miss Hayes stood up because her maid wanted to fix her dress for the next scene.

As she powdered her face she laughed, "Oh, I've discovered another thing, too, and that's the fact that I have a face. On the stage it didn't matter. But when I'm in front of the cameras, I get all face-conscious."

Sam Goldwyn and Ronald Colman must have gotten Helen-Hayes-face-conscious too, for hardly had Helen taken a deep breath after completing her first picture than she was summoned over to the United Artists lot to play the little nurse who loved a doctor in "Arrowsmith". A great team that—Helen Hayes and Ronald Colman! You'll love it.

Talkies in Tabloid

[Continued from page 10]

GAY DIPLOMAT. Well, here's your newest heart-throb, girls, step right up and meet Mr. Ivan Lebedeff, the nearest thing we have to the late Rudy Valentino on the Hollywood diet. In this one Ivan plays a handsome spy commanded to make love to beautiful ladies for information. There's an exciting climax. Genevieve Tobin and Betty Compson are two of the beautiful ladies.

GRAFT It's an old, old story—but still rather exciting. Another dumb newspaper reporter sets out to catch a murderer and clean up a city. Of course the dopey news hound wins out in the end by dumping all manner of crooks and murderers on the city editor's desk with the scoop of the year. Regis Toomey and Sue Carol are in it.

GUILTY HANDS Do you want to be baffled? Well, try this mystery thriller. Lionel Barrymore, as a retired district attorney, commits a murder, fastens the blame on an-

other, and then manages things the way he wants them, until—Kay Francis and Madge Evans are splendid.

I LIKE YOUR NERVE If it's romance you want, try this one. Young Doug does a Fairbanks (First National) Senior and cavorts all over South America, rescuing a damsel in distress, climbing balconies, and doing daring deeds. Loretta Young is the damsel.

LARCENY LANE Here's grand entertainment. James Cagney plays a small town bell-hop with ambitions for big town shake-down. He picks a girl and they spend a successful season of gyping. But the girl goes noble and marries a society youth and Cagney loses interest in his racket. There's a surprise ending that's a knock-out. Joan Blondell is the girl.

THE SIN OF MADELONE CLAUDET Get out your handkerchief, girls, for this is an old-fashioned weepie. Neil Hamilton is up to his old tricks again—luring a pretty

girl away on the pretense of marriage. He disappears and Lewis Stone is left to console the girl (Helen Hayes) who has a baby and a lot of disillusion. Helen has to become a bad girl to be a good mother—or something like that.

MAD GENIUS. A powerful picture with John Barrymore turning in an impressive performance. He plays a cripple who longs to be a great dancer and fulfills his own dreams through a foundling whom he trains. There is a blood-curdling climax.

MAGNIFICENT LIE, THE This picture is Ruth Chatterton and not much else. If you're a Chatterton fan you'll hug it to your heart, and if you're not you'll probably be bored. Ruth plays the rôle of a hard-boiled little café singer who impersonates a famous French actress to appease a blind boy (Ralph Bellamy). Stuart Erwin gives a splendid performance.

[Continued on page 62]

"Be Yourself," Says Polly Moran, "Like Me and Garbo"

[Continued from page 43]

she did, the reason for those old slippers.

"Oh, well," she said when someone remarked what a good sport she was to tell so many jokes on herself, "What's the use of my putting on airs? I'm just Polly Moran and I wouldn't get away with trying to be anybody else. Besides, I'd die laughing at myself if I did try. Same as I have almost died laughing at some of these kids who take themselves too seriously. They come out here and suddenly they land something. They find themselves with more money than they thought existed in the world, and they lose their heads. They learn, most of them do, after a year or two and settle down into being their own lovable selves. But the things they do before that happens!

"Why, one boy got a house and furnished it on the instalment plan before the ink was dry on his contract. There wasn't even a candlestick bought outright. Something went wrong. His option wasn't renewed and—well you know what creditors are. So unreasonable. That sort of thing links Hollywood up with the rest of the world, but I must say it really is hard on the kids in Hollywood, until they've had their lesson. There are literally thousands of people trying to sell you things out here. Strict as the studio rules are they even get on the lot. A combination of reasons makes people buy. Sometimes they think they want the stuff; sometimes it's an inability to say *get out!* Firm, like that!" Polly banged an imaginary door. "But they learn. One morning they wake up. After that, pity the salesman.

"That isn't Polly Moran. None of that stuff for me, my heart won't stand it. Every week's a thrift week in my life. I go to all the parties, but I never give any! (Oh Polly, you big fibber.) Why, I couldn't get a crowd in my house!"

"You could have a swimming party in your pool," said I, trying to help out.

"In *my* pool! I haven't got any pool. I hate 'em anyway, dirty, smelly things, like a clinic with all that disinfectant they put in them. A bath tub is good enough for me—when I want a swim I go to the ocean. Why, it costs a fortune to keep one of those things going. No sir, not for Polly. My money goes in the bank, and so far it hasn't blown up. I live in a seventy-five dollar a month house and run it on the same scale.

"You see I have a young son and a mother and myself at sixty-five to think about. When I get to be sixty-five I won't be so strong on galloping about the way I do now."

Good old Polly. No longer twenty, and what of it. Pretty feet, pretty ankles, dancing in a string of personal appear-

ances. Trailing over the country in the sweltering heat or bitter cold as the case may be, because she feels better about it than sitting on her piazza in Hollywood, drawing her salary for loafing, which she could do under her contract, until M-G-M makes up its mind what picture she is to do next.

"I'm just the way I am, and I can't help it," Polly went on to say. "Besides, I never saw anyone get much the worst of it because they remained the way the Lord made them.

"Who's the biggest money maker in pictures today? Greta Garbo, isn't it? Well, being herself hasn't kept her back any that I can see. And if there's one natural person in the world and no other, Greta's it. And there's Clara Bow. Clara's been in a tough spot recently, but for years she was one of the three biggest money makers in pictures and Clara never tried to put it over that she was Lady Vere de Vere.

"I don't mean people shouldn't try to improve themselves. If you are born in one station in life and luck or your own efforts place you in another, seems to me an admirable thing to lift yourself to your new surroundings. But there are two ways of doing it. I've got plenty of respect for those who do it the right way but you couldn't print what I think of the ones who do it the wrong way. Not that it matters what I think.

"I'd just love to pretend to be an exotic movie star and tell you that I adore Coudray's *Jasmine*. But murder will out. My favorite perfumes are *Musk*, *White Rose* and *Jockey Club*!

"And the books I read? Deah, deah! My library. Well, my second choice is Samuel Johnson and *Les Miserables*. I began that when I was a mere slip of a girl, just fourteen I was that summer, and now I've reached the closing chapters.

"I know I ought to say that I love to don my hostess pajamas and a picture hat and cut roses in my garden. But what I really love to do is to get into my overalls, drag some old furniture into the back yard and paint it. Yes, and I love to go shopping at the Piggly-Wiggly stores and bump through that little turnstile they have and fill my basket with all those fascinating things on the shelves, such as rinso and catsup.

"Walks in the rain I adore. But you have to think fast to get a walk in the rain in California. They'll put me out of the state for saying so, but a woman hasn't a show out here—why women don't even die! This alkali dust just withers them up and they blow away.

"I love to cook too, but I gave that pastime up long ago. I couldn't stand the

doctor bills I had to pay for my family afterwards.

"But do you know what I like to do most of all? Go to picture shows. Yep, I do. And if someone gives a fine performance I just can't wait to get my fan letter written. Listen, I've said enough for one day. I gotta go back on the set."

All that happened in Hollywood. The other day, both of us being now in New York, I dropped into the Capitol Theatre where she is making the inevitable personal appearance. From the grins and chuckles in the audience which grew into loud guffaws at Polly's sprightly Hollywood patter I would say that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer knew their stuff. After the act I mounted to her dressing room one flight above the stage. Polly was on one chair, her feet were on another. It was a sweltering day and five shows are no fun. She was a bit limp but cheerful as usual. "Park yourself over there," she waved toward a couch. "My, but it's hot. This humidity's hard to bear but it's grand for the complexion."

It certainly was good for Polly's. She had just taken her makeup off and her skin was pink and white, like a child's.

"What's going to be your next picture?" I asked. "'Politics' certainly had them holding their sides. I hope the fact that Marie Dressler has been made a star won't break up your team work altogether."

"I don't know what will happen about that in the future," said she, screwing her hair into a bun on the top of her head because it was cooler that way. "I'm going to be tramping about on this tour until the first of the year and then go back to do a picture.

"Weren't we talking about real people last time I saw you? Well, take a slant at Marie Dressler if you want to see one. Marie thought she was through a few years ago. Did she bleach her hair and have her face lifted trying to compete with Anita Page? She did not. She just went right along like the ace trouser she is, playing the bits they gave her to do so well that they even had to cut those down so's the public wouldn't make the mistake of thinking she was the star. And now she is a star, and if I know Marie it won't swell her up a bit."

Polly Moran doesn't crave stardom for herself any more than she thinks Marie Dressler did.

"Too much responsibility. Say, I'm so grateful to be earning a fine salary at my age and be able to have my family with me. What more out of life does anyone want? Believe me, I'm not crabbing. As long as I can laugh and as long as I can make other people laugh I wouldn't swap jobs with a Queen."

Scrambled Stills

CONTEST WINNERS!

The Editors of the Scrambled Stills Contest will announce the fortunate prize winners in SILVER SCREEN for January

Into your cheeks there comes a new mysterious GLOW!

INTO CHEEKS touched with almost magical Princess Pat rouge, there comes mysterious new beauty—color that is vibrant, intense, glorious, yet suffused with a soft, mystical *underglow* that makes brilliancy natural!

No woman ever used Princess Pat rouge for the first time without being amazed. Accustomed to *ordinary* rouges of one flat, shallow tone, the youthful, glowing naturalness of Princess Pat gives beauty that actually bewilders, that thrills beyond words to describe.

The Life Principle of All Color is Glow

The mysterious fire of rubies, the opalescence of opals, the fascinating loveliness of pearls depend upon glow. Flowers possess velvety depths of color glow. In a naturally beautiful complexion there is the most subtle, beautiful glow of all, the luminous color *showing through the skin from beneath*.

Now, then! All ordinary rouge *blots out glow*. On the contrary Princess Pat rouge *imparts glow*—even to palest complexions. The wonderful color you achieve seems actually to *come from within the skin*. It is sparkling, as youth is sparkling. It is suffused, modulated. It blends as a natural blush blends, without definition, merging with skin tones so subtly that only *beauty* is seen — “painty” effect *never*.

Only the “Duo-Tone” Secret Can Give This Magic of Lifelike Color

No other rouge can possibly beautify like Princess Pat “duo-tone.” Why? Because no other rouge in all the world is composed of *two distinct tones*, perfectly blended into one by a very secret process. Thus each shade of Princess Pat rouge possesses a mystical *underglow* to harmonize with the skin, and an *overtone* to give forth vibrant color. Moreover Princess Pat rouge *changes* on the skin, adjusting its intensity to *your individual need*.



Every Shade of Princess Pat Rouge Matches Any Skin

Whether you are blonde or brunette, or any type in between, *any shade of Princess Pat* you select will harmonize with *your skin*. The duo-tone secret gives this unheard of adaptability. And what a marvelous advantage; for variations of your coloring are *unlimited*. There are shades of Princess Pat for sparkle and intensity when mood, gown or occasion dictate brilliance; shades for rich healthful tints; shades that make cheeks demure; a shade for wondrous tan; an exotic, glowing shade for night — under artificial lights.

Be Beautiful as You Never Were Before Princess Pat's thrilling new beauty is too precious to defer. And words cannot adequately picture the effect upon your cheeks.



Exquisite, vivacious Genevieve Tobin, knows, as a charming film star, the wondrous beauty of glowing Princess Pat Rouge.

Only when you *try* Princess Pat duo-tone rouge will you realize its wonders. Today, then, secure Princess Pat and discover how gloriously beautiful you *can be*.

LIP ROUGE FREE! That's enticing. But more than that, it is an entirely new kind — **ABSOLUTELY INDELIBLE**. Princess Pat... with the already famous inner tint secret of coloring lips naturally. Actually the rich, glorious color imparted seems to come from within the lips themselves — not to be “painted on.” Absence of waxy consistency permits this magical effect. This is the famous inner tint secret.

FREE

To receive your free box of lip rouge, do this: Just purchase a box of Princess Pat *compact* rouge. In every box, under the little puff, there is a printed paper slip. Send this slip, and the coupon below, to Princess Pat. Your free box of lip rouge will be sent at once.



PRINCESS PAT, 2709 So. Wells St., Chicago.
Dept. 155-C. Enclosed find paper slip from box of Princess Pat compact rouge. For this, send me free box of Princess Pat lip rouge.

Name

Address

City State

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PRINCESS PAT

LONDON

CHICAGO

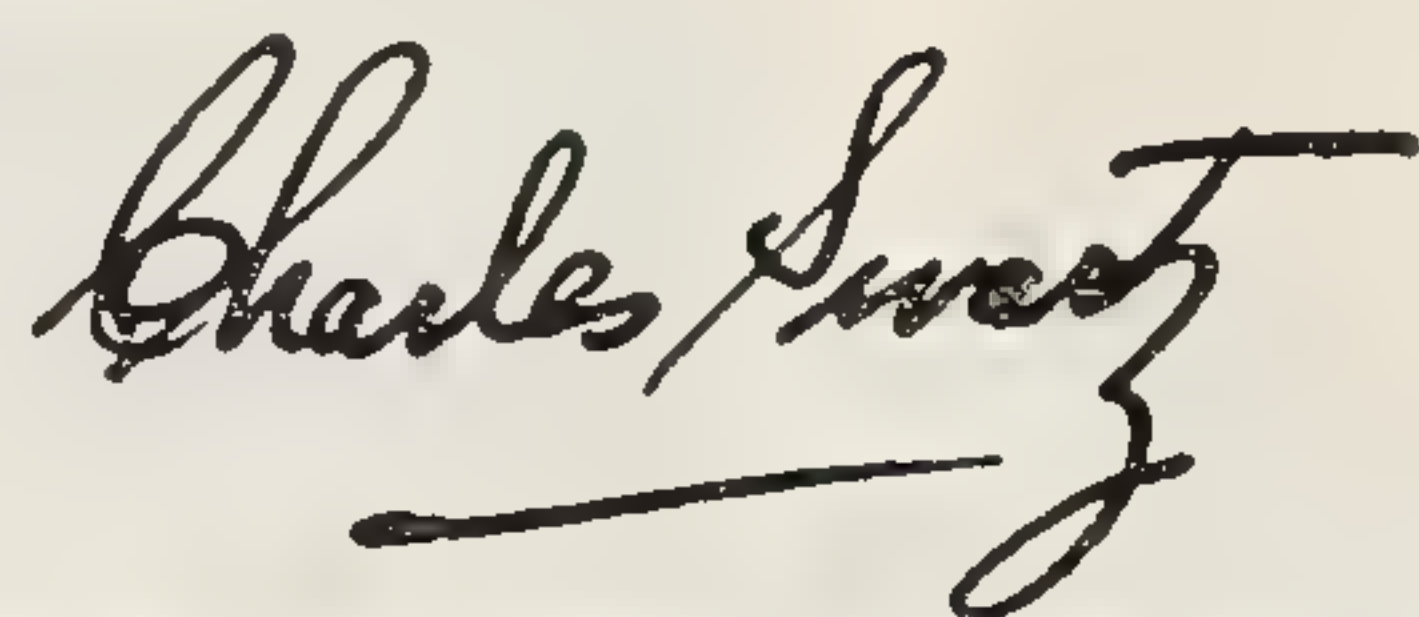
18th Prize

WHY I CHANGED-TO-MARLBORO CONTEST

Charles Swartz, New York City

An antiseptic soap manufacturer recently advised me that human hands carry more than twenty different disease germs. This made me realize that the friendly, "Have a cigarette" entailed an exchange of germs in a big way, unless the pack contained Marlboros.

TIPS DOWN packing eliminates this hazard! I switched to Marlboros on learning they carried Health Insurance.



...55% more
in safety and
enjoyment at
only 5 cents
more in price

MARLBORO
PLAIN OF IVORY TIPPED
America's finest cigarette

Talkies in Tabloid

[Continued from page 59]

MERELY MARY ANN Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell get just a little bit too sugary in this one. It's about a young composer, poor but proud, who struggles to write classics when he should be dashing out jazz to pay the rent. The little house maid falls in love with him. She inherits a million and he becomes a famous composer, so what more do you want?

PALMY DAYS Eddie "Depression Explainer" Cantor is a riot in this one. There isn't any plot to speak of, but there's lots of fun with Eddie singing songs in an ultra modern dough-nut factory. Charlotte Greenwood helps out in the funny business. If you're feeling low, call on Dr. Cantor at your local theatre.

PENROD AND SAM Youngsters and many a grown-up will get many a laugh out of Booth Tarkington's famous boy story. Not as good as "Skippy" but you'll enjoy it just the same. Leon Janney and Junior Coghlan are grand in the leading parts. ZaSu Pitts, Dorothy Peterson and Matt Moore are the adults.

PERSONAL MAID Nancy Carroll appears in this one as a little Irish girl who is fed up with New York tenement life and longs to break away from her drab existence. She becomes a personal maid to

a wealthy woman and gets involved in all kinds of adventures. Mary Boland, Gene Raymond and Pat O'Brien are in the cast.

POLITICS Marie Dressler and Polly Moran desert the stock market (and who hasn't?) and the beauty "shoppes" and go in for politics—with screaming results. Marie, with Polly as her manager, runs for the Mayorship of a small town and gets involved in all sorts of political and household battles. William Bakewell and Karen Morley supply the romance.

ROAD TO RENO, THE This is the first of the Reno-vated divorce pictures. It's about a modern mother (Lilyan Tashman) who takes darling daughter along to Reno with her to get her fourth divorce. The girl falls in love and a dastardly black-guard tries to marry Mama for her money. It's lots of fun and Lil gives a swell performance. Peggy Shannon, Buddy Rogers and William Boyd are in it.

SHANGHAIED LOVE This one's about a cruel sea captain sailing the briny deep with a shanghai crew. There's a mysterious gal on board, a youngster decides to save her from "worse than death"—and so it goes. Sally Blane, Noah Beery and Richard Cromwell struggle with the poor material.

SMART MONEY Edward G. Robinson gives a fascinating and high-powered performance in this story of a small-town gambler who invades the big cities and makes good —also as a gambler. But he's nuts about blondes and through them the District Attorney gets him and signs him up for the Big House.

STREET SCENE This is one of the most talked about pictures of the year. It's all about life in a squalid New York tenement on a hot summer day. Here are the people you meet on city streets; here are the things that happen only in large cities. There's a tabloid murder that will turn on your tear ducts and tug at your heart strings. The entire cast is excellent, especially Sylvia Sydney and Estelle Taylor.

SUSAN LENOX, HER FALL AND RISE Another Garbo hit that will line 'em up at the box office. Greta, the more sinned against than sinning Susan Lenox, runs away on her wedding day, joins a circus, falls in love, runs away again, falls in love again and marries. Sounds confusing—but it's all done in the grand Garbo manner. Clark Gable is the leading man. Gable-Garbo, what more can you ask?

THIS MODERN AGE Joan Crawford again struggles to rise above a mediocre story. In this one she lives with her not-so-nice mother in Paris and they go places and do things that are smart and shocking. Neil Hamilton and Monroe Owsley both fall for Joan and Neil wins. Poor Monroe. You'll like the new blonde Joan and bear with the picture for her sake.

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A great deal can happen in twenty-four hours and this picture sets out to prove just how much. A night club hostess and a gangster and a society couple are involved, and there's a neat little murder and solution. You'll be crazy about Miriam Hopkins as the night club hostess who sings torch songs.

TWENTY GRAND This is about a chap who can't leave the horses alone and a gal who sticks by—through thick rolls and thin. There's a handsome gangster chief who tries to get in some dirty work with the lass but she's true to her race track boy friend. Splendid cast includes Mae Clarke, Norman Foster, Ricardo Cortez and Marie Prevost.

WATERLOO BRIDGE Here is a fine, beautifully enacted drama of the late war. It's the story of an English music hall girl who is forced by poverty to ply "the oldest trade" on Waterloo Bridge. One night she meets a young idealistic soldier who falls in love with her. Does she reveal her past? Mae Clarke and Kent Douglass are grand and will bring tears of sympathy to the old eyes.

WEST OF BROADWAY John Gilbert plays the part of a lad who returns from France with T. B. and is ordered to hit for Arizona at once. The fact that his girl has given him the air sets him goofy, and while he's painting the old town scarlet he marries a not-so-nice girl. After the hang-over he leaves abruptly for the open spaces—but the girl follows. You'll like John in this one. Lois Moran and Madge Evans are his girls.

This offer may never be repeated



10 Exquisite Toiletries

that would cost you at least \$8.50 if sold separately

Here is one of the most amazing offers ever made to American women. An offer so remarkable that no retail merchant, large or small, could hope to duplicate it. Just think! These are not sample packages. They are all full-size packages—exactly the same size and exactly the same quality as our regular store packages. But instead of costing you \$8.50 as they would if sold thru stores, the Coupon brings them to you for only 99 cents and a few cents postage.

We are making a tremendous sacrifice in selling these Milaire Treatment and Make-up Packages to you for 99 cents, as you can easily see from the suggested retail prices for these identical Milaire Beauty Preparations. We are doing this only because we know that once you try them—once you see for yourself what marvelous values they are—you will come back to us again and again for Milaire Toiletries.

Coupon brings these 10 Preparations for 99¢ and postage

\$1.00 Box Milaire Complexion Powder—Evening Shade. An exquisite powder, delightfully perfumed and exceedingly adhesive.

\$1.00 Box Milaire Complexion Powder—Special Blend—Daylight Shade. This Special Blend has been prepared especially for daytime use. It is delicately perfumed and exceedingly adhesive.

\$1.00 Jar Milaire Cleansing Cream— a beautiful, snowy white cream which literally melts

into the skin, cleansing every pore of dirt and foreign matter, keeping the skin soft, firm and youthful. Daintily perfumed with Jasmine odor.

\$1.00 Jar Milaire Waterprooff Creme Rouge— a special blending of colors that harmonizes with any complexion. It is very adhesive, is not affected by moisture and is very economical. Comes in an attractive package convenient for your purse.

\$1.00 Milaire Skin Tonic and Freshener— In addition to its tonic effect, this splendid preparation is a mild astringent, which reduces the size of enlarged pores, refines, refreshes the skin. Essential when cleansing face and neck with cleansing cream.

75c Milaire Frost Balm—Lavender. This Milaire preparation will soften, bleach and beautify your hands as nothing else can. It is splendid for rough or chapped hands or face. You will be particularly impressed by its heavy, creamy consistency. Note great improvement after second application.

75c Bottle Milaire Brilliantine. In reality this is more than a Brilliantine. It is actually a permanent wave oil. You can use it freely after getting your permanent wave. It will help to keep your wave in longer and add loveliness to your hair. You should always use a little after shampooing the hair, as it imparts a beautiful lustre to the hair, gives it life and elasticity and prevents it from becoming brittle. Perfumed with Jasmine odor.

75c Milaire Coconut Oil Shampoo— a great cleanser which leaves the hair and scalp free from excess oil and dandruff. Free from any superfluous alkalies—neutral and harmless to the hair.

75c Bottle Milaire Bath Crystals— make your bath a real delight because they stimulate the skin and impart a delightful odor to the body and room. You will be charmed by the beauty of this package and the refreshing Geranium leaf odor.

50c Bottle Milaire Liquid Nail Enamel— Imparts a beautiful, transparent, waterproof finish to the nails. Contains just enough rose coloring to give the nails that beautiful blush tint they should have. One application lasts a week or 10 days. Will not crack or peel.

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All 10 in the Treatment and Make-up Package for a limited time only for the Coupon and

99¢

plus postage

**Send No Money
Merely Mail Coupon**

Coupon

For One Milaire Make-up Set

MILAIRE COMPANY,
1044 Irma Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Send me one Milaire Treatment and Make-up Package, containing the 10 regular store-size Milaire Beauty Preparations, as described in this advertisement. I will pay the postman only 99 cents plus postage upon delivery.

Name

Street

City

State

Silver Screen—Dec. 1931

The New Life of Lila Lee

[Continued from page 45]

had been confined to that hospital in order to ask myself that one thing: *What have I done worth while?*

"Now I have a new purpose. It is nothing showy; I ask no publicity for it. It is something bigger than publicity; it is something in my own heart. It is something that happened to me as I lay in the hospital and thought of the thousands who should be resting in cots beside me but who lacked the money. Those thousands are the ones my sanitarium will benefit."

Lila is extremely sincere; that is why I believe in her. If she were racing around Hollywood whooping praise to God and glory be to Lila Lee, His new Angel of Mercy, I'd fling up my hands and think of an evangelist whose specialty is a noisy voice.

Lila is not the only star who harbors such humane purposes. There are Richard Arlen and his wife, Jobyna Ralston, for instance. They weren't always rich. They worked long and hard to accumulate the money that now provides them comparative luxuries. For several years they have been enjoying the fruits of their efforts without giving much thought to other folks. True, Dick would occasionally say to Joby, as they lounged on the deck of their yacht, "This certainly beats the old days when we wondered where the next meal was coming from and when a few days' vacation on a boat or anywhere

would have been a happy Godsend."

One hot afternoon last summer Dick stopped to buy a newspaper from the boy who sells them on a corner near the studio. As he paid, he looked at the newsboy. The urchin's face was white and drawn.

"You ought to have a rest, sonny," Dick said to him, not thinking much about what he was saying.

The boy laughed a little bitterly. "Rest?" he answered. "I can't afford no vacation. Jeez, Mr. Arlen, us guys ain't got money like you. I work Sundays, holidays and Christmas."

All the way to his home, Dick thought about that poor kid. When he reached the house, he sprawled in his favorite big chair and told Jobyna how the boy's words had affected him. That started Jobyna thinking also. Next day she did some investigating and discovered that they could send a boy to their ranch, located in Northern California, for about twenty dollars. He could spend a month there, live outdoors all the time and fish and ride to his heart's content.

The following night she and Dick talked things over and, as a consequence, the Arlens are setting aside a sum of money every month for what they call their *Kids Vacation Fund*. Next summer they expect to send at least ten street urchins to their ranch for one month. The summer after that, they hope to send twenty or more.

As the fund grows, the interest it will earn will also increase until Jobyna and Dick will have enough set aside to give a hundred or more poor youngsters wonderful holidays every summer.

For a number of years, Lew Cody has performed a strange service to mankind. He has entertained in prisons and penitentiaries and won thousands of unusual friends. Scores of men, just released from these institutions, have gone to Cody and been supplied with new clothes and fresh starts in life. Lew's secret longing is to operate a farm where he may employ men who are worthy but have made missteps. The outdoor work, he is positive, will not only rebuild their health but provide regular wages.

Ann Harding, always endowed with ideas that are different, has her own individual way of doing kind acts. She isn't planning for the future, either; Ann is doing her kind deeds now. At regular intervals, she visits the slums of Los Angeles. There she meets with many pitiful cases and she is today a fairy godmother to several needy families. Ann's dream is to enlarge on this work when she has finished her screen career.

God grant them great and lasting success. Great is the relief to find, among the selfish, self-centered millions, many whose minds are concerned with the spirit of Christmas.



Between friends ..and between smokes

When the embers burn low in the fireplace, and you're ready for that last smoke—refresh your taste-sense with the cool, minty flavor of Beech-Nut Gum. No, it's not just imagination—Beech-Nut makes your taste-sense keener—makes each smoke taste like the first one of the day. Try it yourself before you light the next one... And remember always, there is no other gum quite so flavorful as Beech-Nut.

Made by the Beech-Nut Packing Co., also makers of Beech-Nut Fruit Drops and Mints.

Peppermint, Wintergreen and
Spear-mint Flavors



Beech-Nut Gum

MAKES THE NEXT SMOKE TASTE BETTER

WIN \$10000.00

By merely giving your suggestion as to how you would have ended SAMUEL GOLDWYN'S great production of



Not necessary to subscribe to or purchase this or any other magazine to win this prize.

MOVIE Romances

The publishers of "MOVIE ROMANCES," the largest motion picture magazine in the world (over 1,000,000 subscribers!)—through the courtesy of the United Artists—offers any man, woman, boy or girl in the United States of America this great opportunity to win \$1,000.00 in cash simply for sending the best, clearest and most original idea for an ending to "The Unholy Garden."

We are prompted to make this unusual offer because of our desire to secure the opinion of the final judges of a motion picture's success—the American public. Introducing a new departmental feature for our magazine, "MOVIE ROMANCES," in connection with the great motion pictures of today, we decided to make this prize offer and have chosen as the picture for which your suggestion for an ending is to be sent, one of the greatest and most stirring romances of the current motion picture year—"The Unholy Garden."

The following world-renowned authorities on motion picture production, criticism and dramatic endeavor will be the official judges of the contest: Samuel Goldwyn and Ronald Colman, producer and star of "The Unholy Garden," and William Fleming French, editor of "MOVIE ROMANCES." Send your suggestion right now while you think of it. It may mean \$1,000.00 for you. Rush it today. Address your suggestion to

RONALD COLMAN in "THE UNHOLY GARDEN"

UNITED ARTISTS PICTURE

*A stirring romance of desert outlawry with Fay Wray
Estelle Taylor and Warren Hymer.*

ANY MAN, WOMAN, BOY OR GIRL CAN TRY

Not necessary to be a "writer." Nothing to buy or sell. No cost, no obligation. "The Unholy Garden" ends with an unusually surprising climax, yet it might have ended in many other ways. The \$1,000.00 will be awarded to the person who sends in the best suggestion for an ending for this great drama, regardless of whether or not that ending follows the ending of the picture as it will be shown. A brief unfinished outline of the story appears below. How would you end it? Just write us in a few words (not more than fifty words) your suggestion for ending this story. That's all you will have to do to win this prize. No matter who you are, your suggestion can win \$1,000.00. It's the clearness of thought and originality behind your suggestion that count. Send your suggestion now. Win \$1,000.00 in cash. Read the brief outline of the story of this great movie:

Ronald Colman, as Barrington Hunt, an international crook fleeing the European police on a charge of murder he did not commit, reaches the desert settlement of Orage, known as "The Unholy Garden." There he finds a gang of criminals plotting to murder the blind old Baron de Jonghe and rob him of the millions he had stolen from a French bank twenty years before.

Ronald accepts the gang's proposal that he locate the treasure the old Baron was guarding. While doing this he meets the Baron's beautiful niece, Camille. They fall in love. Later the Baron is found dead. Learning that Ronald has found the money, the gang, known as "The Family," decide to kill him. Camille, thinking Ronald killed her uncle, vows to deliver him up to the gang, but can't resist shielding him when the time to give him up comes, so great is her love. Then she discovers his innocence and offers to go away with him. Now Ronald is free to escape with Camille and the millions. But should he? Should he ask the woman he loves to share again the life of the fugitive from justice? Can he permit her to take up his exile? What should Ronald do? That is what we want you to tell us . . . give us your suggestion now. Just write it on a piece of paper—not more than 50 words.

It is easy to think of an ending to this story, and the ending that you think of may be the one that wins the \$1,000.00. Nothing more to do to win this prize.

RULES FOR SUGGESTIONS

Anyone in the U. S. A. may enter a suggestion except employees of "MOVIE ROMANCES" or of United Artists or any person employed by any motion picture producing company. The person who has sent the suggestion for an ending of the story, "The Unholy Garden," which, in the opinion of the judges is the best, clearest and most original suggestion, will receive \$1,000.00. Neatness and handwriting has nothing to do with the decision. Not necessary that endings follow the ending of the picture as it will be shown. No suggestion of more than fifty words will be considered. Only one suggestion will be accepted from one person or group of persons. Sending more than one suggestion will cause all suggestions sent by that person or group of persons to be discarded. Suggestions which, because of their similarity, lead the judges to believe that they are entered in collusion will be rejected. In case of duplicate winning suggestions, the full amount of the prize tied for will be given to those tying. Suggestions should be on one side of one sheet of paper only and must be legible. Name of person submitting it and address must be on same sheet. The winning suggestion will become the property of "MOVIE ROMANCES." All others will be destroyed. "MOVIE ROMANCES" will not be responsible for lost suggestions. All entrants accept the judges' decision as final. All suggestions must be mailed not later than midnight, December 31, 1931.



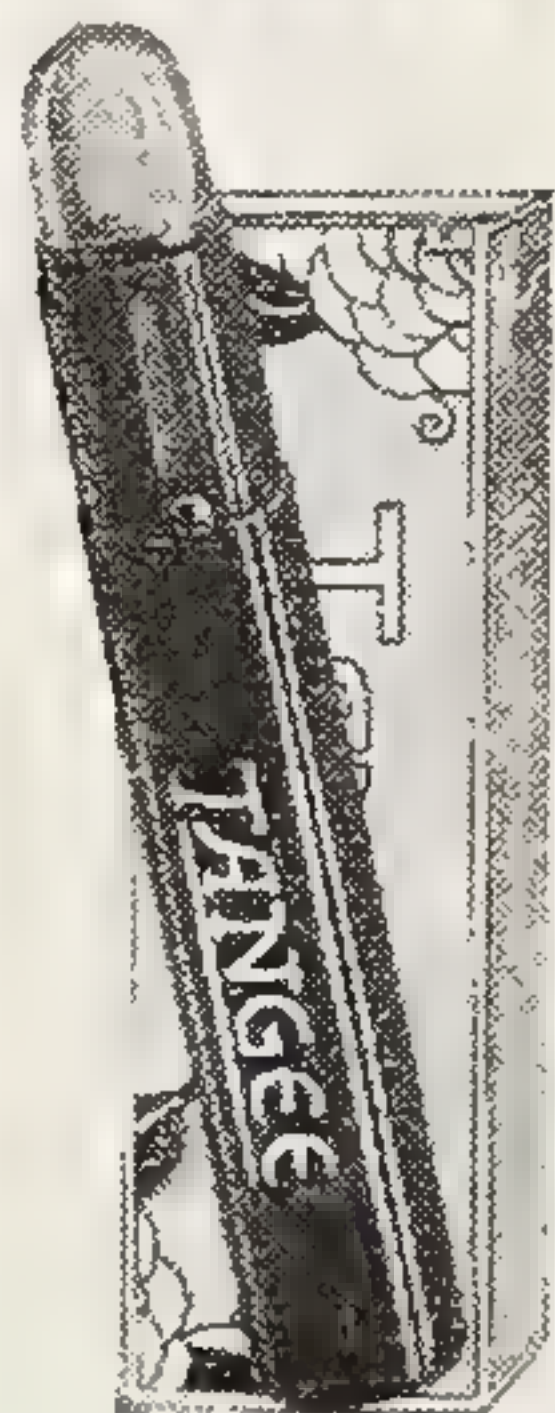
E. C. BENEDICT, Prize Dir. "MOVIE ROMANCES," Room 14, 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago



LET THESE FAMOUS FASHION AUTHORITIES TELL YOU OF TANGEE

HARPER'S BAZAAR, famous
NEW YORK magazine, says:

"Natural color is the mode of the moment. The rouge and lipstick which blend into the natural flesh tones are the ones which flatter all types alike, and which fit most perfectly into the fashion picture. *This is precisely what the TANGEE preparations do.*"



JARDIN DES MODES of **PARIS**, greatest French fashion magazine, says: "Flashy, glaring lips can ruin the prettiest and most expensive ensemble. The Fashion this season is individual, romantic and feminine. TANGEE well answers these requirements, because it blends with your individual, natural coloring."

TATLER, famous **LONDON** authority, adds: "TANGEE gives to your lips the lovely glow of youth, so rich in color and yet so natural that it cannot be told from Nature's own."

TANGEE, the world's most famous Lipstick, \$1. Natural! Permanent! Non-Greasy!

NEW! Tangee THEATRICAL, a special dark shade of TANGEE LIPSTICK and ROUGE COMPACT for professional and evening use.

To Match Tangee Lipstick!



SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

Containing miniature Lipstick, two Rouges, Powder, two Creams and "The Art of Make-up"

THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT. SS 10
417 Fifth Avenue New York

Name _____

Address _____

Ramon Novarro's Christmas Spirit

[Continued from page 20]

member of that clan. Ramon had never heard of him, but calling his mother, the stranger was asked to establish his claim to kinship with her who knew the family connections better. Though she had never heard of him, still his cousinship, though remote was sufficiently close, according to the Novarro code, to admit him to the family circle.

And after Ramon had welcomed all the cousins to the forty-second degree to his home and he was quite sure there could not be another left even to the fifty-second degree, a little old lady popped up who said she was his mother. Now Ramon has the most adorable mother in the world, he not only thinks so, but so would you if you knew her. She has the face of an angel, and though she is almost fifty-two—is still beautiful. And if you had seen the Spanish version of "The Singer of Seville" I would not have to describe her charm. She played the part of the Mother Superior; the part that was played by Nance O'Neill in the American version. Like Ruth Chatterton's mother, she is a gifted pianist. And Ramon is so devoted to her that recently he moved to another home so that she would not have so far to walk to church each day. In fact, she is the orbit about which Ramon's world moves.

So when the little old lady introduced herself as his mother, Ramon, knowing of course that she was one of those sad creatures with a demented mind, did not thrust her from his presence as an imposter, but kindly and with great tact, saw that she was taken care of—in fact she is still on that great pension list of his.

Hearing of such magnanimity and bigness of heart and how the overflow reached its peak on Christmas day, I was curious to know just what had prompted all of this. And believing with Freud, or who ever the psychologist is, who says that it is the impressions of childhood which stamp themselves indelibly on our sub-conscious minds, so that our character makeups are dominated by our early experiences I decided to find out about that early boyhood of a star, who despite nine years of prosperity has not forgotten the less fortunate. Most people, though they have passed through poverty, quickly forget their struggles after a few years of riches, and become callous. But it is said Novarro never turns a deaf ear to an appeal. He may have been accused by some of the Hollywood wags, of being a bit eccentric—those superficial ones who could not understand the emotional, aesthetic side of his nature—but no one has ever said he was "high hat" or unkind.

I began my interview with asking, "When you were a boy how did you observe Christmas? Did you believe in Santa Claus and have a Christmas tree?"

"No, I never had a Christmas tree and never heard of Santa Claus until I came to the States," said Novarro.

"Oh!" and my tone was sympathetic. Never to have heard of good old Santy and never to have had a Christmas tree seemed indeed a matter for tears. That was why he made such a great-to-do about the day, now that he had money

and why he observed all other holidays so lavishly.

But the next moment he painted a picture of a Christmas which brought to mind a Millet painting in its quaintness and old world religious beauty. And when Novarro talks one senses the warmth of his personality through his great desire to please.

"Beautiful and unique is the Mexican celebration of the Christmas holidays. The holidays begin with the posados. 'Posados' translated into English means nine days, and are observed in commemoration of the nine day journey of Joseph and Mary from Nazareth to Bethlehem. On each posado, one of the families of Durango, the Mexican town, where I spent my childhood, gave over their house for the festivities of the evening. Our home was chosen usually for the last posado, Christmas Eve. And there was great preparation for this, for when the members of nine Mexican families gather in one home, it is a small crowd. Our family numbered fourteen at the time.

"On the first day of the posados, children are chosen from the families to represent Joseph and Mary. The playing of these rôles is an honor bestowed for good deportment—"

"Did you ever play the part of Joseph?" I asked.

"Yes, but I was not chosen because of good deportment," and you have seen that mischievous twinkle in his eyes.

"The other children," he went on, "and the grown-ups form in a procession, each person carrying a lighted candle as they march to the house selected for that particular night, singing the litany. The child-actor, representing Joseph, knocks on the door and in song begs for shelter for Mary. At first they pretend to refuse, but after more acting and song, they are admitted. Then follows a prayer before the Nacimiento, the crib scene of the Holy Family in the stable at Bethlehem. The rest of the evening is given to dancing and a feast. Each night this is repeated, a different house selected for the next celebration. The whole journey of Joseph and Mary until the birth of the Infant Jesus in the manger, ending the celebration. Even the shepherd boys of the Bible story are re-enacted. And as it is all done in song it is very beautiful.

"On the last posado, the Holy Infant is sung to sleep with the El Rorro, which translated into English means 'Babe in Arms'. It is the first and only cradle song of Mexico. My first memory is of hearing my mother sing this song. She had a beautiful voice—still has—" And again his dark eyes glowed with that great love Ramon has for his mother.

"On Christmas Eve, religious playlets were given which were presented by the children. And for the supper of the evening an image of the Infant Jesus was baked in bread which was hidden about the patio. The finder must give a feast. Then comes the great fun of the evening. Instead of a Christmas tree, Mexicans have a pinata. The pinata is an earthen pot filled with sweetmeats, candies and cookies. One child is given a stick and

blindfolded, then turned about so that he loses his sense of direction, and told to break the pinata which is suspended from the ceiling of the patio. As each child is given only one chance, most of them fail.

"I never tried to be a Babe Ruth with the pinata as the one breaking it is the unlucky one, he must stop to remove his blindfold before he can join in the scramble which follows."

No, I was decidedly wrong. It was not the deprivation of Saint Nick and Yuletide trees which had given Novarro the urge to celebrate the day so lavishly. It is an effort to keep up the family and community spirit of the celebration as he knew it in his childhood.

I asked him what was the first Christmas present he remembered and if it were his participation in the posados as an actor that had formed his liking for the stage.

He said the first present he remembered was a set of blocks his mother had given him when he was three, but a miniature theatre which she had given him when he was six formed his ambition to become an actor.

And then he told me how he and his family celebrate Christmas in their big house, which by the way is not in Beverly Hills, but in the aristocratic old section of Los Angeles.

The whole family attends midnight mass and then a buffet supper at home. On Christmas day they have a turkey dinner and keep open house to their friends all day. Sometimes they give a large party. The scene for these parties is usually in Novarro's private theatre which is on the grounds of his home. It seats about sixty persons and is equipped with a curtain, lights, everything that a regular theatre boasts of. He puts on revues, musical comedies and operettas in this theatre often using his family for the cast. For the Novarro family are very musical. There are four pianos in his home. Ramon and his mother are talented pianists. The other members play different instruments.

It was in this theatre that he gave a party on last Easter to which the "Who's Who" of talkiedom were invited. A Mexican magician was there to entertain with his tricks of magic. The guests were seated in the auditorium and one by one

invited to the stage to be made the subjects of the magician's tricks.

Gloria Swanson, wearing a light blue evening wrap, had her wrap snatched from her back by an unseen hand as she crossed the stage. Ruth Chatterton, as she reached the center of the stage with her marcel all in place, suddenly found a brown derby perched on her head at an Al Smith angle. Marie Dressler found herself soaring to the flies of the theatre like Little Eva in Uncle Tom's Cabin. And Miss Dressler insists she did it so gracefully that she is looking forward to playing that rôle—when she grows old enough for the part.

When Ramon has smaller parties to which just a few friends beside the family are invited, he often has a pinata scramble. An admirer, attending one of these parties, had expressed a wish to own the castanets which he used in "The Singer of Seville". She found them in the pinata with a card bearing her name and a fable about the castanets.

I am going to tell you this fable because it seems to me to cast a sidelight on Ramon's character; the mystic, small-boy dreamer, who keeps on weaving fairy tales about life—and which is perhaps the secret of his Peter Pan, "never-grow-up" disposition.

The castanets are man and wife. The one held in the right hand is the woman. It is pitched in a higher key and chatters, while the one held in the left hand is in a lower key, answering the woman's chatter with deep, concise answers. Listen for this the next time you hear them used.

Another story which shows us the spirit of Novarro. Last summer at the restoration of the oldest street in Los Angeles, he was asked to be godfather to the street. The street, which is in the old Spanish section, was christened, "Goldero" and with the pomp characteristic of the Latin races. A banquet and dance was given in a restaurant, but as it was not large enough to seat all of the inhabitants, Ramon in the midst of the celebration asked that the windows be opened so that the outsiders could enjoy the party. And then ordered refreshments served to them. They danced in the street to the music—and no one among all who were there was happier than "Ramon-of-the-Big-Heart".



Tallulah Bankhead and Irving Pichel while making "The Cheat" on location. George Abbott, the director (at right) and George Folsey, chief cameraman. The little Mayfair celebrity looks as cute as a cocktail among the winebricks



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Laura Kennedy, beautiful daughter of a powerful United States Senator sat tense as the inevitable happened. *Papa Fleuriau's* fat hand caressed his broad brown chin. Immediately a horrible shriek stabbed the room's chill silence. And he who had been the gay young Prince Elissieff was but a writhing fountain of blood . . . murdered before her eyes! Laura's fate . . . it lay in the cold, repellant eyes of the monster Fleuriau . . .

Careless Butterfly, Detective Archambault called her when he told her story. A butterfly who trifled with the illicit of Paris' Underworld. He knew. Read his astounding tale as it appears in December *Everybody's*. It will grip you—hold you tense and bound.

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Elusive Elissa

[Continued from page 35]

"prop" boy to director with her charm.

But when she leaves the studio, she becomes another person entirely. She becomes, perhaps, herself. The person whom few people know. Quiet, withdrawing. Living entirely within herself. A dreamer. In short, a genius.

There is sufficient excuse for that word—genius.

Before she began her stage career, started because she wanted first-hand information on how to write plays, she spent a year in the study of the Russian ballet. She is, besides, an accomplished musician, a pianist and a singer.

Writing has always been her "first love". When she was a child she would fabricate amazing tales to entertain her less imaginative (and older) brother. Tales she had conceived from hearing the old Norse sagas from her nurse and servants. As soon as she was able to "hold a pencil" she began to put her ideas on paper.

"Never will anything take the place of writing. I would even give up music—without which I don't believe I could exist—before I would attempt to give up writing." That, in a way, answers Hollywood's question. All that remains for her to do is to make Hollywood understand after she explains.

One of her major characteristics is her passion for living. Everything that she does is terribly intense—valuable—as if she were putting every ounce of her surplus energy back of her words and actions. For instance, her views about American men—"If I ever have a son I want him to live at least the first ten years of his life in America. He will get something here that he could not get elsewhere. He will learn to do things. American men *do* things. If they want to tunnel through a mountain of solid rock they go through it—not around it.

"Then too, I want him to live a part of his youth in England. For the purpose of acquiring poise—polish. English men are the most perfectly poised, no matter what the situation, of any men in the world."

As for her personal likes and dislikes, they are simple. She prefers dramatic and romantic rôles to others. Her hobby is walking and she manages to do it every day. Riding has recently become her favorite sport. "The first horse I ever owned is the one I have now. I'm mad about him."

She and Marguerite Churchill (practically her only intimate companion in the movie colony) spend hours riding together in the Hollywood hills.

She is married to J. C. Lawrence, an English barrister.

She has recently acquired a house in Hollywood. It, like everything else she does, is different. Very old, very "foreign", very comfortable. It rambles over a great deal of space and has a turret. "I am always finding the most fascinating nooks and crannies," she remarked. "Every morning when I get out of bed I feel as if I were an explorer—I know that the day won't pass without my having an 'adventure' in the old house."

Her past history? It doesn't matter

much—Elissa Landi, the person—Elissa Landi, the intellectual—Elissa Landi, the actress, the woman who lives in a strange secret world of her own creating, is important.

However, she was born in Italy, although her parents are not Italian. She was educated in London by private tutors. She has been on the stage and has made pictures in London and Paris. She was "discovered" while playing the part of *Catherine Barkley* in "A Farewell To Arms" in New York.

Five companies offered her contracts at the conclusion of that play. She narrowed her choice down to three. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Paramount and Fox.

"Why did you choose Fox?" I asked.

"Because M-G-M had Greta Garbo, Paramount had Dietrich and Fox. . . ." She moved her lovely hands expressively. I understood. Fox had no great exotic personality, and Landi immediately understood and made her decision.

Again, mark my words. That will be that. Elissa will see to it.

Just a Home Girl

[Continued from page 44]

likes it or dislikes it intensely and either opinion is formed immediately. It is a huge, barnlike structure, looked down upon by a balcony that turns into a hallway off which are situated the various bedrooms. Its furnishings are antique and like most antiques, the chairs and sofas are consistently uncomfortable. Two modern touches distinguish the drawing room. One is a wall cabinet in the southeast corner that is revealed, when two swinging doors are flung open, to be a miniature bar whose bottles and labels promise refreshment and excitement. The second modern touch is an over profusion of heavy silver picture frames, most of which contain photographs of Lilyan autographed endearingly to Edmund or of Mr. Lowe no less fondly endorsed to Miss Tashman.

Invited to be seated, one hopefully glances beyond the drawing room into the small sun room to the rear. If one has visited Miss Tashman previously, experience has taught that in the sun room may be found the most luxurious davenport and the softest chairs.

Lilyan is a born show woman. A visitor to her home is seated by the maid and must wait just the correct space of time, during which interval he is granted the privilege of liking or disliking the surroundings. Then she arrives. Usually her greeting is an effusive "Hello" and the last syllable of the word is dragged out in a drawl that is neither Western nor English, but is both. Then she adds, as she extends her hand, "How are you?" and the emphasis is so unmistakably placed upon the second word that her query becomes immediately warm and very personal.

She eventually curls up on the divan, whereupon the satin pajamas will drape themselves enticingly about her limbs. The late Rafael Kirschner, whose paintings won renown, pronounced them the most beautiful legs in the world. He painted them, lucky man, clad and unclad.

Miss Tashman is not beautiful. She is not even pretty. Her face is too finely cut and the mouth, straight and thin lipped, suggests a cruelty that is not denied by the cold eyes and the hard, straight nose. Her head sits haughtily upon her shoulders but when she addresses one, she drops her chin and looks at him through the lashes of her eyelids, which sounds silly but is really most effective.

With Miss Tashman's permission one ascends a flight of stairs to the balcony

that overlooks the drawing room and in a jiffy one is trodding a soundless carpet. An abrupt turn to the left and lo, it is Lilyan's bedroom. Much has been written about that room. It is done in purest white except for the carpet, which is a shade of tan so faint and delicate that one glares suspiciously at one's shoes, fearful that a tiny fleck of black polish may be transferred to the flooring. The draperies are heavy and silvery white and the furniture is so white that, set against the absolutely colorless walls, its outlines are almost indiscernible as are the outlines of distant blue mountain peaks that disappear into an even bluer sky.

A door, opposite to and slightly east of that which enters from the hallway, exits from the white room into a dressing room and sunken bath. Rows of sliding panel doors roll aside to reveal deep closets full to brimming with gowns and suits and dresses of every description and color, the famous Tashman wardrobe which possibly has no peer. An early French shoe-case with glass windows permits an instantaneous view of slippers, shoes and oxfords, as numerous and variable as the gowns and dresses. One can but wonder if she wears them all.

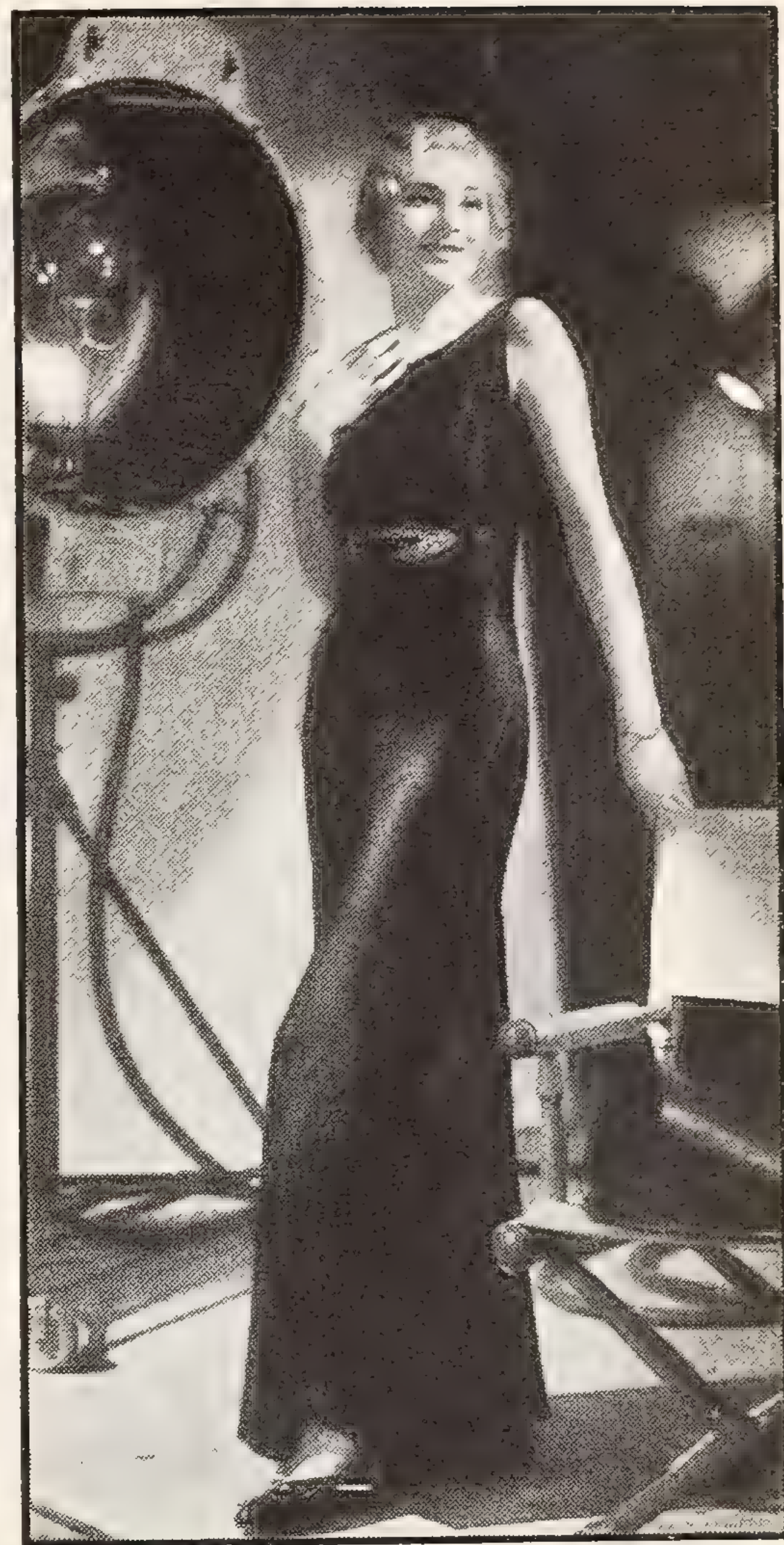
Another feature of the dressing room is the perfume table. There are plain and fancy bottles and there are square and tall and round and small bottles and some are white and some are red and there are green and black and yellow and blue bottles, each with its own exquisite and enchanting odor.

One incident, concerned with my ultimate departure, must be told more because of its comedy aspect than for any relation whatsoever to this article. As I gripped Miss Tashman's outstretched hand after she had accompanied me to her front door, she glanced at the stuffed mailbox and asked me if I would be kind enough to remove therefrom the letters, like a good boy.

"The fans," she explained smilingly, "have learned my home address."

The remark caused me to glance at the letters and I was at once forced to the conclusion that they weren't *all* fan letters because fans do not use envelopes with isinglass windows.

Lilyan Tashman is a woman of brains. Her success in attaining her present motion picture contract, her social standing and her absolute personal independence prove that there is considerable common-sense attached to her almost masculine method of fighting for her dues.



How do Women in the Movies Manage?

While a picture is being filmed, it means weeks of work without pause. Imagine the star, in a scene employing a thousand people, quitting because she is "indisposed!" The time of month does not excuse her. Women in the movies must carry on. Menstruation is just an incident.

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MARY LEWIS
(Metropolitan Opera)

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Dear Miss Wilson: In accordance with your offer to readers of "Silver Screen", please send me the "Charm-Test" free.

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Regis
He's Regular!

[Continued from page 26]

at the time and wanted me to buy myself some new duds. I couldn't."

Of course, he couldn't. He's a home town boy with a home town viewpoint. If he'd been a typical actor he'd have let his wife stake him to a complete wardrobe and thought nothing of it.

He went on: "I knew until I did something on my own I was simply being asked along on the parties on the strength of being Mr. Kitty. And she had to accept the invitations. It was business with her and I insisted upon her going. She worried a lot about how I amused myself while she was out and I used to tell her I'd go to a movie. But I hadn't even money enough for that. So I'd go out and walk—and walk—and walk."

Said Kitty: "If ever our marriage could have gone on the rocks it would have been then. But there wasn't a chance of that with Regis. He's got the most even disposition I've ever come across. I never knew how bad things really were with him. We had only been married a short time and I didn't know about that Irish pride of his then. I knew he didn't have an awful lot but I thought he had something. And no matter how bad things were, he always had a smile for me around the house. Never any of this 'patient Griselda' business and those resigned sighs."

After a couple of months of loafing, Regis landed a job and played the juvenile lead in "Little Nelly Kelly" for a couple of seasons. Later, he played with James Gleason and Ernest Truex.

Coming back to the States, he landed with a road company of "Twinkle, Twinkle" and tumbled from that into the West Coast production of "Hit the Deck". It was while playing in that show he was signed for pictures. "Alibi" was his first and he shared honors with Chester Morris.

Paramount signed him and he's been there ever since. His latest pictures are "24 Hours" and "The Deadline."

That London experience has left its mark upon him. He has never forgotten the feeling of being in a strange place without friends. Not long ago when Donald Dillaway was called to Paramount to make a test and the juveniles on the lot were giving him the cold shoulder for fear he would take a part away from one of them, Regis went up, introduced himself and offered Donald the use of his dressing room while on the lot.

Rege and Frank Albertson are the two most normal people I know out here. Success hasn't changed them—and it won't—because most things so dear to the heart of an actor—the matter of billing, of lighting, photography, prestige, publicity, the thousand and one other things that assume major proportions in the eyes of most players, are unimportant in the eyes of these two. They act because they like it and they've made a business of it.

He and Kitty go out rarely. You seldom see them at openings or big social functions. For the most part they're perfectly content to be with each other or a few close friends.

Occasionally he worries over the fact that he's "poor copy". "There's nothing to write about me," he complained. "I don't chase around with other women, I don't drink, I'm a punk dancer and while my life is pleasant it's about as exciting as 'Joe Doakes'. Sometimes I think I ought to make up a good, colorful background for myself."

But, there again, his honesty asserts itself. Even if he got anyone to swallow such a yarn it would weigh on his conscience and long before it ever had a chance to reach print, he'd have called the interviewer up and told him it was a lot of hokey.

As a matter of fact, his life is not as colorless as he would like to have people believe. Once I ran into one of the cowboys who hang around Hollywood &

Cahuenga, who had worked with Regis on a ranch one summer. "Did he ever tell you about the time he saved that brat's life up there?" he asked.

When I demanded the details from Rege he looked blank. When I pressed him, he turned on me suddenly. "For pete sake, Dick, a guy doesn't go around talking about those things!" and that ended it.

If you saw him in "Street of Chance" or "Kick-In" you got an idea of what Rege is really like off-screen. He's the sort of chap mothers like their daughters to marry and the kind that brothers feel safe about having their sisters go 'round with.

As for myself, I can only say this: if I were in a tight place I can think of no one I would rather have beside me than Mrs. Toomey's son, Regis.

The Luck of Lukas

[Continued from page 40]

appearing in Budapest with the only other Hungarian actor now famous in Hollywood, but never met him. He and Lugosi met only after coming to Hollywood, although each knew the other well because of their respective reputations.

Lukas' great break, as far as Hollywood was concerned, came in 1926 when Adolph Zukor watched him go through his dramatic paces in Budapest and had him attach his name to a contract. Paul was absolutely sure of three meals a day before he left Europe.

Lukas' days of struggle and privation were over, but his days of study weren't, as he found out later. He had plenty to learn and plenty to worry about ahead of him, but he was very chipper when he told his sweetheart that he was going to Hollywood.

"Let's get married immediately," he proposed. "We'll leave in a month for Hollywood."

The sweetheart, also a native of Hungary, assented. They were married and came to Hollywood as bride and groom, although few knew of this at the time. Thinking his future was assured and that the unhappy days he had known were behind him, Lukas launched into the business of making silent pictures.

All went well until talkies made their bow.

They bowed to everyone but Lukas, he thought. They simply snarled at him.

He couldn't speak a word of English. But he wasn't to be stampeded. He came to Hollywood to be an actor. He had a contract. By the time the option came up on that contract he was going to speak English, he vowed.

For six months a certain young man who spoke excellent English always was seen in his company. Everything Lukas said must be said in English, and he must say it over and over until he got it right. That was Lukas' rule and he stuck to it, just as he stuck to his aim to be an actor and reached his goal.

His option was taken up.

He could speak perfect English with only a slight accent.

"No more Hungarian," he told his wife. And he told me, with a twinkle in his eye, that this was a very wise decision.

"Whenever my wife gets mad at me,"

he explained, "she starts speaking Hungarian, which she speaks very rapidly. She forgets all about her English."

"I stop my ears with my fingers and tell her, 'I can't understand that silly language.' She has to speak English then, and as she speaks slowly, she soon cools down. In fact, she tries so hard to speak English that she often forgets what she's mad about."

This was about the only advantage his Hungarian tongue ever gave him in Hollywood. Its drawbacks were manifold. Today, he is finally getting rid of the last traces of his accent, which means that he will have a greater variety of stories from which to choose.

He has shown his ability in "The Wolf of Wall Street", "Half Way to Heaven", "Young Eagles", "Anybody's Woman", "Unfaithful", "The Vice Squad" and "Women Love Once".

Just at present two adoptions are being considered in the Lukas family. First of all, Paul wants to be adopted by America, and he has his first citizenship papers. He will get his final documents next year and he can hardly wait to become a ward of the genial Uncle Sam.

The second adoption has to do with a baby. To date, there have been no Lukas heirs, and Paul wants a son. He feels he can afford to raise an orphan in a much better manner than that to which it has been accustomed, so he may follow in the footsteps of Mr. and Mrs. Neil Hamilton, who recently adopted an offspring.

Lukas at all times is suave and smooth on the screen. Off the screen, he has demonstrated that he is a perfect host. On the screen he becomes sinister at times. Off the screen there is nothing sinister about him—just bright blue eyes, a wide, boyish smile, and a delightful voice. Then, too, he has the square jaw which got considerable punishment as he rode over parental objection, penury, physical and mental suffering, and the mastery of a strange tongue to be an actor.

Lukas is a workman. He is always on the job, and one never sees him in the places where the playboys and the playgirls gather. He likes his home, his wife, his books, his car and his airplane better than all the night life in Hollywood.

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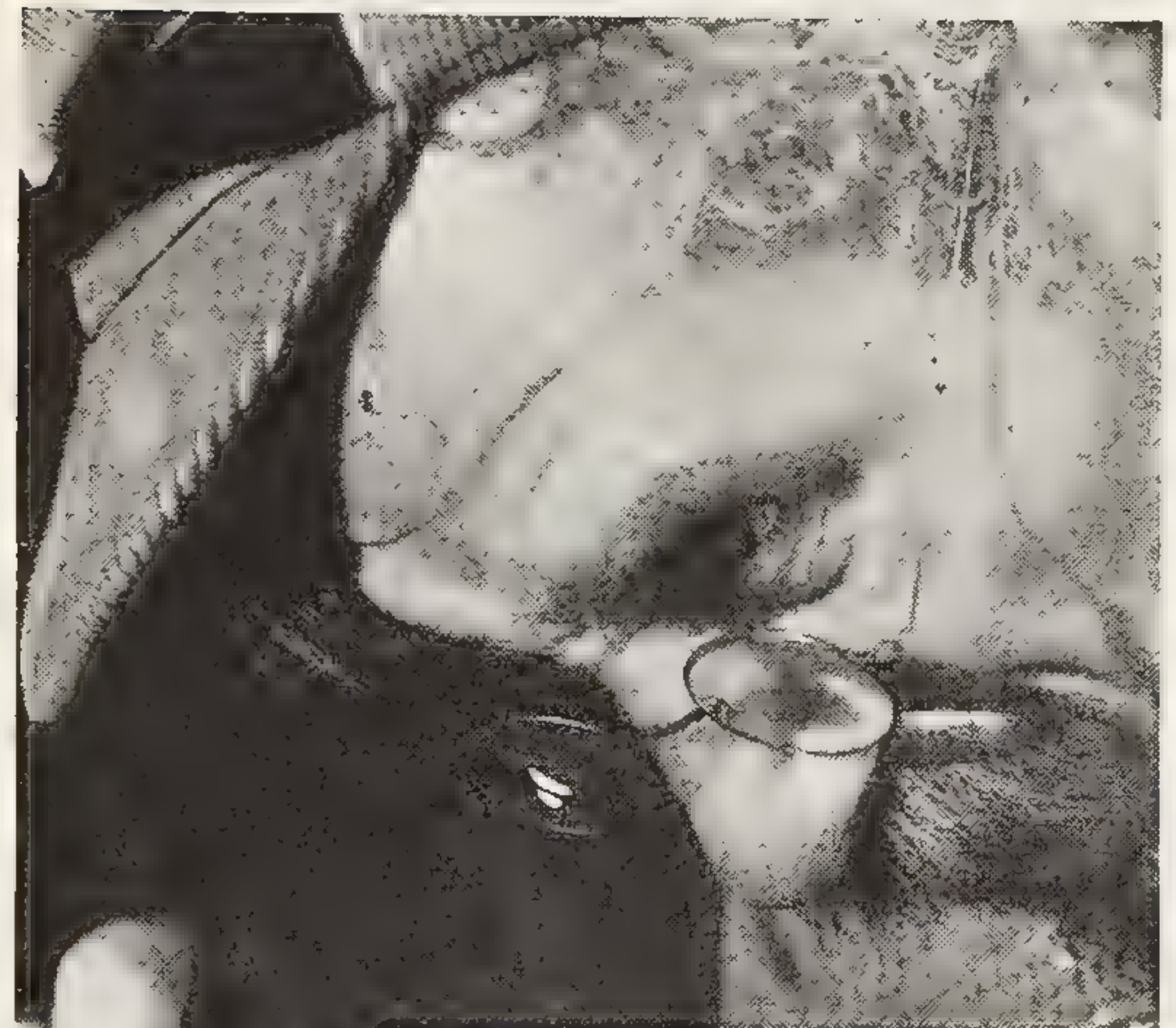
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The Crowning Glories of Hollywood

[Continued from page 39]

than most of the fashionable hair dressers of New York and London lumped together. I have heard it whispered that Hattie depended upon "voodooism" for her power. Maybe so. Anyway, Hattie has now passed to the land of her black fathers and Gloria's hair is nowhere nearly as distinctive as it once was.

Stars change their hair to gain new personalities. It is considered a very vital factor in building up a new individual.

Why did the black-haired Bebe Daniels all of a sudden go a bright blonde? Not because some soothsayer told her she had a light personality, or that she needed a change, or because she wanted variation, but because a studio personality expert advised her to change her personality. "You can prolong your screen life," he told her. "You have been black-haired and vivacious long enough. Try something different."

Do you remember Colleen Moore's flapper hair, her bangs? They were imitated far and wide. Although Colleen was never considered in the least sense beautiful, she was a tremendously vital screen personality. I think her hair had a lot to do with it.

One day—a couple of years ago—after the flapper vogue had become oh, so passé, she awoke to find her popularity had almost vanished. Her million dollar contracts were at an end and no one was renewing them. It wasn't entirely Colleen and her voice, (for the talkies had come in,) but the fact that her hair, upon which so much of popularity was based, was no longer interesting. At least, that is what experts have told me, and I believe them.

Colleen is planning a come-back now. She will do so with an entirely different hair dress, a grownup "do", a womanly coiffure. She looks very beautiful. Time only will tell whether she will attain the heights again.

For years and years, Mary Pickford was known as the little girl with the curls. Remember the ringlets which curled down

over her neck and the phrase, "America's sweetheart"? But this old-fashioned girl—the one that Mary portrayed and brought to fame—went out of style. Garbo's long bob, Bow's red hair were the fad of the day. Mary bobbed her hair. Somehow, she's never been the same. And I don't think she will be until she hits upon a hair dress with universal appeal.

And you still think hair is not one of the important factors in stardom?

As a rule the stars are not inclined to give much credit publicly to hair dress, but deep down in their hearts, they know its importance. All sorts of funny things happen as a result.

When "Follow Thru" was in production at Paramount studio, Zelma O'Neal asked the Technicolor experts which shade of red photographed best. Then she dyed her hair that color. Nancy Carroll, the star, didn't happen to think of the same thing. When first rushes of the picture came through, Zelma's hair photographed much better than Nancy's—or so they tell me. There were tantrums. And—production was suspended while Zelma by request from the powers-that-be, had her hair darkened.

Alice White has had a grand time with the color of her hair. She's been a brunette, a blonde, a red head and now she's blonde again. I remember when Joan Crawford's hair was a carrot shade. Pretty bad. She bleached it to a rather nice shade of blonde. Now she's dark again.

Percy Westmore, one of the finest make-up artists and hair dressers in Hollywood—he's one of these experts I have been talking about—says the most distinctive hair dress that has come out of Hollywood in several years is that of Norma Shearer's in her more recent pictures.

"If I were awarding a medal for the most beautiful head of hair this year, I would award it to Miss Shearer," he told me. "Her hair reflects more personality than

Joan Bennett, recovering from her injury, sees the tennis tournament from an improvised invalid's chair. Isn't that Joel McCrea?



anything I have seen in a long time. It has everything—freedom, imagination, everything that is diverse, nothing that means any particular woman."

Well, look at the Shearer success this year. Always a dependable star, she has crashed through with nothing short of box office sensations—"The Divorcee", "Strangers May Kiss", and "A Free Soul".

Westmore believes firmly in the influence of hair dress upon personality. He has just worked out something new for Loretta Young.

"I met her on the lot one day when she looked particularly down," he said. "She was upset about her marriage with Grant, she was dejected and tired. So we tried out a new hair dress and makeup. We cut her hair to make her more youthful. We gave it a large soft, loose wave with finger curls at the nape of the neck. We raised her eyebrows a little and made up her mouth so that the lines went up instead of down.

"When women are tired and spiritless, they should try something new. Have their hair changed, try a new makeup. The effect upon their spirits is amazing."

Westmore thinks the new Billie Dove is as much a product of her new hair dress as anything else. She has abandoned the spit curls—nine of them—she wore so many years. She is using a loose, soft wave. And letting it stay its natural color—black flecked with gray.

"Ruth Chatterton's hair," he says, "has always meant a great deal. She varies it with every picture, but always to suit her character and as she is an actress to the finger-tips this is important.

"Doris Kenyon's new hair dress has robbed her of ten years. She was cast for a mother rôle, not long ago, but she looked so young and beautiful they gave her a younger part.

"Elissa Landi has the most perfect DeMille head of anyone on the screen. If she would concentrate a little more on her hair, she would be very distinctive.

"Dorothy Mackaill's head next year will be soft and fluffy. Once Dorothy tried a stiff, straight hair dress. It was a great failure.

"The shingle bob is passé. There was never anything feminine about it. Hair can be one and one and a half inches long in the back. If you are letting it grow, you can get it past the nasty stage by having the ends permanent-waved.

"Height is not terrifically important in governing hair style. However, if a girl is stoop-shouldered she should build her hair down low to erect her. She should never wear bangs. Anyway, never cover the whole forehead. And never have dips that come in a straight line with the eyes.

"A short girl should, however, have her hair a little more carefree than a tall girl. Have it loose through the top so that the light may shine through. A tall girl may keep her hair more tailored.

"Whenever you have a hair line emphasize it. Don't have a lot of little wiggly ends. Brush them back neatly.

"Study yourself and experiment until you find something that suits you and you alone. Then stick to it. That's what the stars have done and it has been very important to them."

In other words, let your hair help you along the road to success as a personality.

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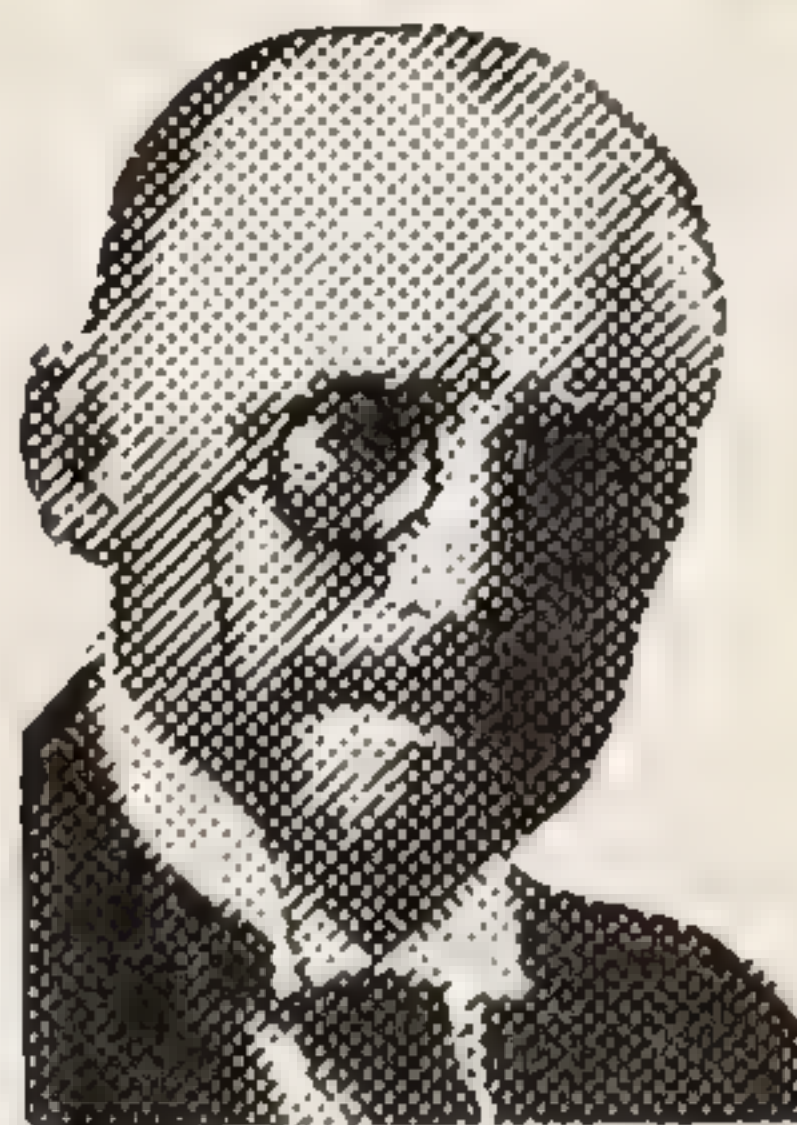
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Have the Stars Found New Love Ideals?

[Continued from page 19]

despair of the scheming females of Hollywood, married again and this time to the lovely young Carole Lombard. Both are oh-so-happy. Experienced age and innocent youth—is this the perfect combination? Only Time will tell. Time always does, the old blabber.

The STAR AND LESSER STAR combination has great possibilities and has been worked out in Hollywood with gratifying success. *Regardez* Ann Harding and Harry Bannister. Ann is a famous star, but Harry is not so well known. However, one glance at their faces and you know that they are experiencing the happiest of marriages. They adore their baby, they adore their home, they adore their plane, and most of all—they adore each other. She's great in a cinematic way and he isn't—but there doesn't seem to be any petty jealousies, or constant nagging and bickering. Is theirs the perfect love ideal? Perhaps.

And under the STAR AND LESSER STAR combination we find plenty of other happily married couples: Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay, Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes, Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels, Joan Crawford and Doug, Jr., Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli, Richard Arlen and Jobyna Ralston, Maurice Chevalier and Yvonne Vallee, and many others. All these marriages are working out all right despite the pitfalls that surround each one of them.

Is this then the perfect love ideal? Perhaps. And perhaps not. Can any man be blissfully happy with a woman who makes five times as much as he does? Can he passionately adore a wife who pays the grocery bills? And can any woman be ecstatically content with a husband who spends his days on a studio set making ardent love to a fair and voluptuous female who has a reputation for this and that? And can she be supremely happy when she appears in public with one of America's sweethearts and sees him surrounded by his adoring feminine fans? There's no doubt in my mind that Ruth loves Ralph, that Barbara loves Frank, that Charlie loves Virginia and that Ben loves Bebe—BUT is it ideal?

And there's another combination of love ideals that is being tried out in Hollywood now and the results of this experiment look pretty good in some cases, and pretty awful in others. I'm talking about Judge Lindsey's theories on companionate marriage. Un-huh. Free Love is more popular than the old free lunch, and some people just naturally like things that are free. Now I know you are all atwitter for me to give you the names of the Hollywood stars who are trying out companionate marriage, but after all, my dears, after all . . . However, if you will send me a stamped, addressed envelope and enclose ten cents I will—er—be awfully glad to get it. Pooh and double pooh.

Then we have the STAR AND BUSINESS MAN. The famous example of that

combination is, of course, Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck. The old meanies have been predicting a separation of these two ever since an hour after they married, for there seems to be some kind of an unwritten law that a woman with a career and a man with a business can not be happily married. But did you ever see Janet and Lydell together? Lydell is not the effusive type, and Janet herself is becoming more and more reserved, but there is a certain look of happiness in their eyes that is as beautiful as a beacon on a stormy sea. Is this then the perfect love ideal? Love, yes, but ideal, no. There are annoyances in this combination that would disgruntle even an angel. Can you imagine Lydell being delightfully happy after reading a newspaper publicity story about Janet and Charlie Farrell?

I'm coming to it at last. You thought I was holding out on you, didn't you? There is a perfect love ideal in Hollywood, and no perhaps about it. It's so perfect and so ideal that not even the most satiric of cynics can sniff. Ah, readers (if I still have any) I point with pride to Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg. One of the three greatest stars, and one of the three greatest producers. No jealousy there, no bickering over rent and grocery bills, and no lolling around wondering what the other is doing. Norma has her job, and Irving has his, and when the day's work is over Norma Shearer ceases to exist and Mrs. Irving Thalberg enters her husband's drawing room. Norma is a beautiful attractive and talented woman and Irving is a handsome and intelligent man. They are experiencing love and marriage for the first time with no skeletons in the closet. They appeal to each other both physically and mentally which after all is the only way that true love can last through the ages. If Norma were vain and selfish she would never have had a baby, for a baby can often ruin a career in more ways than one, but Norma was far more interested in motherhood and wifehood than she was in being the nation's idol.

And then, if Norma had been obsessed with the dutiful wife-and-mother idea she would have said, “Indeed, not. I have my child to think of”, when Irving suggested a trip to Europe as a muchly needed vacation for both of them. But Norma is a joyful mixture of the old and the new, and therein her great fascination lies. So she didn't do the heavy mother rôle, nor did she do the dizzy actress act, she merely said, “Splendid. We'll take the baby along.”

So here we have the GREAT STAR AND THE GREAT PRODUCER and that to me is the perfect combination in Hollywood. A couple as old-fashioned as grandmother's crazy quilt and as modern as the Waldorf Astoria. Maybe it's the blending of the old and the new that gives the perfect love ideal. Or maybe Sex explains all.

Give JOAN CRAWFORD Credit!

Read her revealing story in the January
SILVER SCREEN—Out December 4th.

Leila Hyams—Artists' Model Makes Good

[Continued from page 21]

of the numerous theatrical trade papers.

She lost no time in returning to Broadway after the commencement exercises. Her parents were on the road at the moment, but that didn't deter the determined Leila.

She appealed to William Collier, Sr., who was about to open in New York in a new comedy. He cast her for the ingénue lead, and Leila penciled a big cross on the calendar. That was her *red letter* day.

Other footlight engagements followed her year with the Collier play, but Leila soon found herself growing restless. She had heard of the opportunities to be found in the films.

Then she brought into play the inbred courage that has done so much to carry her to the top. It is a courage mixed with a deep sense of humor.

Passing up the fifty dollars a week that had been her stage salary, she cast her lot with the other thousands who haunted the New York and Long Island studios. Nor did she seek the *pull* that would have been eagerly extended her by the moguls in this field of entertainment—powerful executives who long had been the intimate friends of her parents.

A wistful look crept into Leila's big green eyes when I asked her to tell me about the days when she was furnishing *atmosphere*.

"I can laugh about it now," she began, "but there were times while I was serving my apprenticeship as an extra that it was somewhat hard to hold back the tears.

"I had decided that I was going to get somewhere in pictures, and that I would succeed without any help from Mother or Dad. Regardless of what you choose as a profession, it is the actual experience that counts. That's why I was willing—yes, eager—to begin at the very bottom.

"My first disappointment came when I discovered just how many extras there are in this land, and how few productions to supply them with work. The fact that I didn't know the ropes wasn't in my favor, either.

"I had been living in a small but nicely furnished apartment since my graduation—a home that I was able to maintain with my own income while I was with the theatre. I had preached so much to Mother and Dad about making my own way that they had at last decided to let me try it.

"At the end of three weeks as an embryo movie personage, however, it suddenly dawned on me that I would have to retrench on my living expenses if I intended to paddle my own canoe. I moved into a tiny room in a cheap hotel. I cut down on my expenditures for food. I became my own laundress, drying my stockings and handkerchiefs and underwear at the open window. Even so, I soon realized that I couldn't stretch an occasional day's pay to cover necessities.

"Not exactly a pleasant experience to look back on," she added, "but I guess I could do it again if it were necessary."

It was then that Leila's cloud developed a splotch of silver on its lining.

Henry Clive, distinguished American painter, discovered Leila while she was

hiding from her parents, who were playing on Broadway. She was ashamed to admit to them that she was a failure—and broke.

The artist publicly hailed her as "the Golden Girl" because of her pink and white and blonde coloring. He engaged her to pose for a series of magazine covers.

Others sought her out for similar work.

That was the turning point for Leila Hyams.

I'll let Leila tell you about that.

"One day I got a call from the Fox studio in New York. A girl's voice informed me over the telephone that the great Alan Dwan wanted me there at once to take a test for a small part in 'Summer Bachelors'. I had just finished washing all the stockings I owned, but that didn't stop me. I donned a pair that were wet, and I think I ran all the way to the studio.

"That was my first break in the films, but it was followed immediately with a minor rôle in 'The Brute' for the same company. I worked in 'The Bush-Leaguer', 'One-Round Hogan', 'White Pants Willie', 'The Wizard' and 'Honor Bound' before my big chance came in 'Dancing Mothers'.

"It all seemed too good to be true. I was almost convinced that it couldn't last, so I continued to live in that inexpensive hotel and do my own washing.

"Just imagine my surprise when Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer gave me a contract at a real salary and sent me to Hollywood. I was so elated that the first thing I did was to dash to a telegraph office and send a wire breaking the news to Mother and Dad."

Fortune has smiled down on Leila Hyams in the fifty-four months that have come and gone since that momentous day.

Leila and Phil make their home at Malibu beach, where they have resided for two of the four years since their marriage. There they devote their leisure hours to tennis, swimming and bridge.

But the great delight of a day away from the studio is for Leila a day with the fish. And she is no squealing amateur when it comes to baiting a hook or preparing the catch for dinner. Rigged out in blue overalls over a red one-piece bathing suit, Leila's yellow blonde curls and sparkling eyes completed a picture of sunburned beauty that raised perch fishing to the grade of a fine art in which ladies of elegance might join quite properly.

I asked Leila to give me her recipe for wedded bliss, the thing so lacking in this community of tinsel.

"Dodge the crowds," was her answer. "Two people who are really in love can find as much happiness together in Hollywood as they can anywhere else, providing they can hold their temperaments in check. That's true even of a halitosis girl."

"What's that about halitosis?" I gasped. "Oh, that!" she replied. "Why when I was up against it in New York, I used to pose for Listerine ads. I was the original halitosis girl!"

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Medium... <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel... <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE	LIPS
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Robert Montgomery Tells His Life Story

[Continued from page 50]

an ocean voyage, however, if you are really determined about it. I sailed on the *S. S. Caddo*. It doesn't seem so important when I tell you that the *Caddo* was a Standard Oil tanker, and I worked as a "wiper".

There can't be many harder jobs than that of a "wiper". Whatever there is to be done on a ship that no one wants to do, the "wiper" gets the job. You work down in the engine room, and it is no place for anyone who has the slightest inclination toward seasickness. The *Caddo* was in the intercoast service.

Once we sailed through the Panama Canal and docked at Los Angeles Harbor. We were only there long enough to take on oil, but at least, I can say truthfully that I have been in California before. I never dreamed that someday I would come back to work in pictures. Hollywood never crossed my mind at that time. In fact, I didn't get near it.

After five months on the *Caddo* I had a sudden longing for a lot of land. Even beyond the desire for solid earth I realized that I would never be happy until I had made a try at the theater. During all those months it was in the back of my mind. I had plenty of time to think about it. A "wiper" uses plenty of physical effort, but it isn't too taxing on the brain. When I got back to New York I talked to my mother about it. She doubted my wisdom in making this decision, but she knew that I would never be satisfied in anything else until I had at least given the stage a trial.

During the next period of my life I frequently knew what it was to be hungry. Ship's fare on oil tankers is not fancy but it is filling. I wasn't always filled in Greenwich Village. Stage jobs were hard to get. Steve Janney, the boy with whom I lived in the Village, got me my first job. He was a stage manager then, but he aspired to become a playwright. Steve is dead now. His death was a tragic affair while he was in California on his honeymoon. He was the first person to help me in the theater, and he was a wonderful friend during those Greenwich Village days.

I will never forget that first job of mine. It was in William Faversham's company of "The Man and the Mask". I played four rôles, and if you didn't look quickly you would have missed me in all of them. I was a young man at a party, a butler, a mourner at a funeral, and a valet. In addition to that I sang offstage and was assistant stage manager. For all of that I got \$35 a week. I felt like the vaudeville comedian who explains it all by saying—"well, anyway, it's a living."

My next job was with Emma Dunn in "Dawn". I only had one rôle in that, and I appeared only in the second act. But "Dawn" was an important show to me. In the cast of the production was Elizabeth Allen. It was the first time I met the girl who was to become Mrs. Robert Montgomery—when I could afford to marry.

We have been married now for three and a half years. We are completely happy, but, beyond that, I do not wish to talk of my married life, or about my baby

daughter. That seems to me to belong exclusively to the private life of Robert Montgomery. Perhaps I am wrong, but I don't see why it should interest the public.

It was a long uphill climb on the stage. I played in "The Carolinian", with Sidney Blackmer. Two rôles again. My first real chance on Broadway was in "Arlene Adair", with Grace George. I had the juvenile lead in that.

For seventy-two weeks I worked in stock. Most of that time was spent in Rochester, but I also played in Baltimore and in New England. Stock training is marvelous experience for a young actor. That has been said so often that people must be sick of hearing it, but it is true. It was my college course in the drama. It trained me to read lines, to play all sorts of characters, and to meet the emergencies which are always arising in the theater. I played more old character men than I did juveniles and leading men during those weeks.

There are so many pleasant reminiscences of that time in stock. We would be in a city long enough for people to know us. We made friends. We were invited to parties. Unfortunately, when you are playing in stock there isn't too much time for social activity. Rehearsals in the morning. Matinees in the afternoon, and performances in the evening.

After a matinee performance I would always go back to my hotel and nap for an hour. It was my invariable custom to leave word at the desk to call me at a certain time, although usually I would wake up. One time I didn't awaken, and on this occasion, of all times, the clerk forgot to call me. At eight o'clock that evening I was awakened by my phone. It was ringing steadily and furiously—if you can imagine anything furious about a telephone bell. The theater was calling me. I just made it in time. Not a moment for makeup, or getting into my usual wardrobe. I walked right on to the stage and into the character. I've often wondered what would have happened if we had been playing "The Merchant of Venice". Anyway, I bought an alarm clock the next morning.

It wasn't all smooth sailing, by any means. As I said before, there were times when I wondered how I would eat, and how I could pay my rent. And yet, I know that privation was good for me. It was a stimulus. Platitudeous it may be but you appreciate the things for which you have worked hard.

The tide began to turn for me. I was given the lead opposite Miriam Hopkins in "The Garden of Eden". You may remember that comedy. Corinne Griffith and Charles Ray appeared in it on the screen. I was in the Edgar Selwyn production of "Possession" when I received my first offer for pictures. It came from Samuel Goldwyn. This was at the time when Goldwyn was looking for a new leading man for Vilma Banky. The Colman-Banky starring team, popular for so long, was being dissolved.

Goldwyn placed me under a six weeks' contract, and tested me for the leading male rôle in "So This Is Heaven". My

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tests were simply horrible. I looked at them and knew that pictures were not for me. What I didn't know about acting in silent pictures would fill three or four good sized libraries. As a matter of fact, Goldwyn wasn't so pleased with me either. Nothing was said when the six weeks were up.

I knew that I would never draw an easy breath as long as that test was any place in existence. By a pretext I got possession of it from the film laboratory. I had every intention of destroying it later that evening. It was in the back of my car when I stopped at the home of Nicholas Schenck, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer executive. During the evening he asked me why I hadn't tried pictures.

"I have tried pictures, thank you," I said with feeling. I proceeded to tell him about my experience.

"Did you make a test?" he asked.

I admitted the test, but was pretty firm about insisting that no one should see it. He persuaded me to let him take it to California with him, assuring me that people at the studio were accustomed to making allowances for bad tests. Well, my test went to California, and I was offered a contract with M-G-M. I was interested in pictures only after the talkies arrived. Silent pictures never interested me as a career. Possibly it is equally true silent pictures would never have been interested in me.

Alice In Wonderland was a sophisticate, someone who knew all of the answers, compared to me during my first months in the studio. I don't know why I wasn't fired. It is a wonder that lightning didn't strike me—the things I did.

Next month Bob will tell you about some of "the things I did" in Hollywood. Try to be patient until December 4.




Lew Ayres and Lola Lane, both very happy. They eloped to Las Vegas to be married, then away to Canada for their honeymoon.

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When the Money Comes Rolling In

[Continued from page 42]

opening night of Janet Gaynor's first great screen performance, "Seventh Heaven". Given a gala premiere, the sort of opening that can take place only in Hollywood, hundreds of screen stars were invited to see the picture and to welcome a new Cinderella. Scores of glaring lights centered on the long walk that led from the street to the portals of the theatre. Hundreds of worshipping fans surged against the ropes in an effort to see and talk to their favorites. Microphones into which the stars might broadcast a few radioed words to millions of listeners, and cameras that would take still and motion pictures of the notables, were stationed a few feet from the spot where gloriously gowned women and handsome men alighted from their limousines.

Into all this glamour came Janet, simply gowned and as wistfully sweet as an old-fashioned painting. Directly after the swanky Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe, Janet arrived and appeared for the first time before the curious fans. Too frightened to speak into the microphone, she hurried toward the theatre doors. And the crowd, suddenly loving her, shouted her name and accepted her at once into its fickle heart. Yesterday, a mere nobody in Hollywood; that night Janet really became a star, idolized and loved by all.

"I was frightened almost to the point of being paralyzed that first night," Janet confessed afterward. "When I neared the theater and saw the lights and crowds, I wanted to run away, but I knew I had to appear because I was to be introduced from the stage. I was with Charlie Farrell, and luckily enough for me, he had the strength to support me on that long walk from our automobile to the theatre entrance. My heart was thumping so noisily that I was certain people heard it. I saw and heard a dazzling conglomeration of lights and people and voices and music, and I heard my name called, but so great was my excitement that nothing seemed real; it was all like a racing, beautiful dream and I kept hoping I wouldn't wake up and spoil it all."

Despite her dreams-come-true, and all the fame and fortune that are now hers, Janet remains the same sweet, unaffected child who once enviously read fan magazine interviews with her favorite stars and wished she might become as successful as they. When she was given the rôle of Diane in "Seventh Heaven", she became the most glorified girl in all Hollywood, for hundreds were tested for the part and many prominent stars even volunteered to play it for nothing because they realized that whoever portrayed Diane on the screen would walk straight into the hearts of audiences everywhere.

Before her success, Janet wondered if fame and fortune would change her. She had seen many of her friends turned into conceited, impossible snobs by overnight prosperity and she was always afraid she might be carried away similarly. I have known her for years, and during the glorious weeks after the opening of "Seventh Heaven", she would rush up to me on every occasion and anxiously ask:

"Do you think I've changed? People continually warn me not to let success affect me. Do you think it has?"

"Janet, just as long as you can be humble enough and sweet enough to be afraid of changing, you need never worry," I would reply.

Helen Twelvetrees' leap to film success was as unexpected as it was sudden. She went to Hollywood under contract to Fox and was lost in the mob of actors and actresses imported by that company to make the then new talking pictures. Her contract came to an end and Helen packed her bags, broken-hearted because of her failure, and prepared to return to New York. A year previously she had reached Hollywood happily married and with visions of fame and fortune as a motion picture star. She had divorced her husband, was terribly in debt, and worse still, had lost most of her happy illusions about life.

A friend persuaded Helen to visit Pathé for a test and as a result, she signed a new contract at a much greater salary, became a star in "The Grand Parade", and today is one of the most famous figures on the screen. When her last picture was exhibited in Los Angeles, the city was plastered with billboards on which Miss Twelvetrees' name appeared in letters three feet tall; glaring letters that could be read for blocks.

She was stunned by the sudden twist of Fate, and today she is again happily married and is living in reality all the fascinating dreams that were hers when she boarded a train three years ago to go to Hollywood.

"I didn't realize there was so much money in all the world," Loretta Young cried when she held her first fifteen-hundred-dollars-a-week salary check. Her eyes were glistening with tears because that check represented the end of the rainbow to Loretta. "Now I can buy that automobile I wanted and a house in Beverly Hills and a diamond ring and a fur coat and . . ."

"That's about fifty thousand dollars you have spent—in words," interrupted someone dryly. "How much do you think fifteen hundred dollars will buy?"

"Oh, but there will be another check next week and then another and another and another," Loretta shouted joyously.

Marian Nixon and Mary Brian were most conservative after they signed contracts. Both girls had known the suffering of poverty during their long fights for screen success. When fame and fortune came, they remembered their leaner days and decided to save their money.

Marian purchased a small but charming bungalow and employed a single servant. Mary chose to live in a moderately priced apartment with her mother and brother and she, too, employed a single servant. Neither young lady spent money frivolously nor did they yearn for expensive clothes or jewelry, which they could have had if they desired, thanks to huge annual incomes. Not until two years after she had signed her contract did Marian purchase her first fur coat, a grey squirrel.

"Big salaries don't continue forever in

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this business," Marian declared. "When my salary ends, I want to be rich."

Today Marian Nixon is rich in her own name and she is also the wife of a Chicago multi-millionaire who worships her and showers her with costly jewels and automobiles. They live on an estate in Beverly Hills that is worth no less than seventy-five thousand dollars. It is a far stretch of the imagination to compare the Marian Nixon of today, wearing a diamond bracelet worth twenty thousand dollars and riding in a ten thousand dollar automobile, to the Marian Nixon of nine years ago, who was so proud of her three hundred dollar sedan and her new seventeen dollar slippers.

Mary Brian is also quite wealthy. For the balance of her life she may have all the luxuries her heart desires because the income from her savings provides her with several hundred dollars a week. Mary worked out a clever budget when she signed her contract. The first year she allotted herself a minimum amount for living expenses and invested the balance of her salary. The second year she set aside the same amount out of her salary, but to this she added the interest from her first year's savings. The third year she continued to use the same portion of her salary but added the interest earned by her two-year investments.

Lew Ayres' first act, when he read his first interview in a motion picture magazine, was to rush out and buy all the copies he could find. It was his intention to send them to friends. He was so exultant over his success that he wanted everybody to share his happiness. Fortunately, Lew realized that to send out those magazines might be regarded by his friends as a conceited act, so he refrained. Today they are piled in a secluded closet corner in his home.

A funny little story about the effect of early success is told at the expense of Marceline Day. A few years ago Marceline was given her first important part in a picture. She was discussing various stars with some friends, when mention was made of a certain masculine actor who became obnoxiously conceited after his initial big rôle.

"I'll never be that way," said Marceline, earnestly. "Why even now I speak to the extras and electricians."

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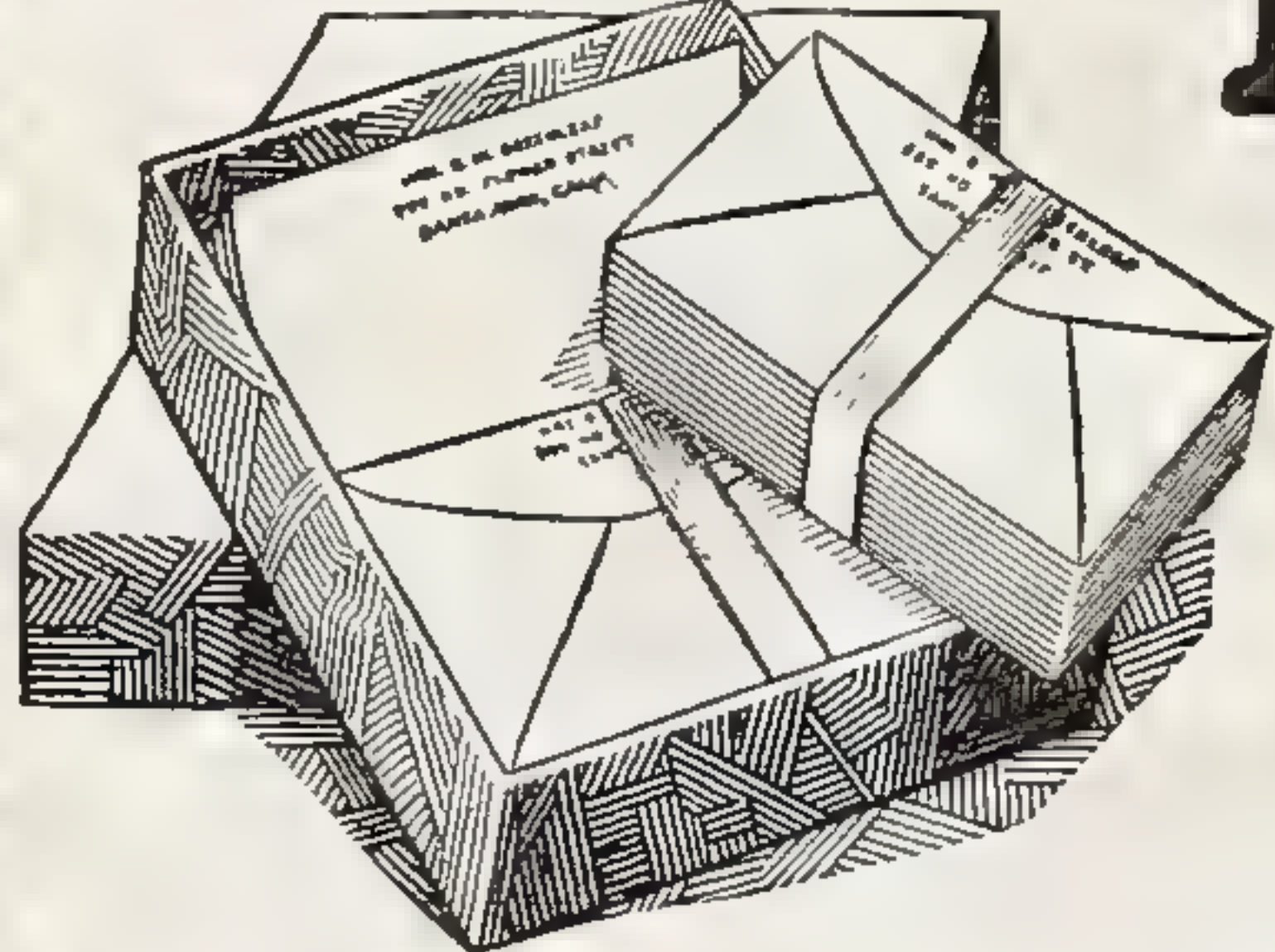


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Beauty to Give Away

[Continued from page 6]

fect gift! Any woman would adore it.

Of course you need no introduction to Coty's perfumes, but I can't help thinking how delighted any woman would be to find in her Christmas stocking a bottle of their enchanting *L'Aimant* (the magnet). What an appropriate name! And Coty's special perfume for blondes called *L'Or* (the gold) is simply spell-binding! An especially smart Coty item is a small cylinder with an indelible lip-stick in one end and a vial of perfume in the other. You may select the shade of rouge from Coty's three natural-looking colors and you also have a choice of Coty's perfumes to accompany it. A welcome gift in a leather case at \$2.50!

Being a practical person as well as a lover of beauty, I have discovered the wisdom of having a few extra things on hand at Christmas time for we are all apt to forget a few people we should remember. It is a great relief to have something with which to obey our last minute impulses. Often it is extremely embarrassing to be empty-handed. And yet, it seems a waste of money to have surplus gifts tucked away in dresser drawers unused.

Prepare yourself for any emergency with several of Helena Rubinstein's new, revolutionary lip-sticks, which operate with one hand. A single movement of your thumb on one side opens the top and raises the rouge. In several colors and only \$1.

Two other valuable \$1 items are the smart Primrose House compact in an original silver, black and yellow box, which must be seen to be appreciated—and the Primrose House Introductory Set. This set contains creams, skin-tonic, smoothskin oil, chiffon powder and a tiny jar of paste rouge. Perfect for a motor-trip, a short visit or for your guest-room. Certainly a lot of value for \$1.

For men Lenthéric has a handsome gift set of after-shave powder, after-shave lotion and scalp-stimulant for \$3. These can be bought separately for \$1 and they are stunning looking bottles of generous size.

There is no doubt that men enjoy fine toilet preparations as much as women do and they are a much appreciated gift IF you know the man well enough to give him so personal a thing. Since men can't wear colors and in our sturdy western civilization have been denied the use of perfumes, their only opportunity to revel in exquisite personal touches is in the matter of their toilet preparations. But, men are revolting against being held down in this way and a few revolutionary, reactionaries are using perfumes—not the sweetish odors, nor seductive scents of the feminine boudoir, but mannish, woodsy, clean smelling waters that are refreshing. Myrurgia, the Spanish house that furnished the royal family of Spain with their perfumes, etc., is putting out an unusual perfume for men called *Spanish Leather*.

Coty's *Eau de Coty* is a pungent cologne that you will find on many a masculine dresser. It is delightful. It is especially popular in France.

Houbigant can always be relied upon

for something new and exciting. They also have splendid sets for men. An excellent combination set contains shaving cream, shaving lotion and talcum—a welcome gift at \$2. And from Houbigant we have two new perfumes that are fairly hypnotic, enticing, devastating and all that sort of thing. The first, *Parfum Etude* is the perfume of promise, of youth, brooding with the potentialities of study. So if you are young or feel young you will sense a satisfying at-one-ment with this *Parfum Etude*. It comes in two sizes \$20 and \$35. The beautiful cut-crystal-flacon is encased in satiny wood and reposes on a silvered metal base. Modernistic and striking! The other odor is called *Festival*—well-named for it is as gay and stimulating as the very spirit of holiday joy. *Festival*, also, is in two sizes, \$12 and \$22. The Houbigant perfumes are designed to increase in character and intensity on contact with the skin.

And for those who like their rouge, powder and lip rouge in one convenient compact, Houbigant's *Triple Vanities* are ideal. They are in several colors with either gold or platinum finished metal and the Christmas price is \$3.50.

Now! For those of us to whom all these bargains are still out of reach, I have a real surprise! Before you despair of making just a few dollars conjure up a real Christmas for your friends just come with me for a few minutes and let's look at this new line of cosmetics called *Fairest*. Yes, those large, good-looking, red boxes are *Fairest* items. Generous sizes, good products, smart packages—and each separate item is only 50 cents! Doesn't that rescue your Christmas hopes? The *Fairest* combination gift sets are attractively gotten up in red boxes, gay without being gaudy. For \$1 there is the large bath salts and dusting powder combination—really a splendid gift! I have not used these products myself, but I am assured that quality has not been sacrificed in presenting them at such an unheard of figure. For \$1.50 you may buy the face powder, rouge and perfume, a flower odor, *Muguet*. In fact all the *Fairest* products are scented with *Muguet*. And for \$2.50 there is a great, big box containing perfume, face powder, bath salts, dusting powder and rouge! They are especially proud of a new double compact for 59 cents. It is made of bakelite and enamel and comes in several colors.

In case you are unable to find any of the things mentioned here, write to me and I will gladly locate them for you. In fact, I want you to feel that you can call on me at any time to solve your beauty or beauty-shopping problems. I am here to advise you.

As your Beauty Editor, I am anxious that you take care of your looks through the holiday rush, so that you will gain in beauty through the joy of the season rather than slide backward on account of anxiety, fatigue and late hours. Why tire yourself out trying to find a different gift for each person? Of course, there are bound to be exceptions, but it is a good idea to select one or two things that are good values and give these to your entire list. It

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For Silent and Talking Pictures

Accepted in any form for revision, criticism,
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saves you from that extra effort that makes a lot of people dread the holidays. If your friends are worthy of the name "friend" they would rather have you fresh and rested so they can enjoy your sparkle at their parties. Christmas or no Christmas I am more interested in your looks during the holidays and in the time to come.

But, if you do get over-tired refresh yourself by drinking a lot of water. Nature can do wonders with an extra supply of water. I want to devote a whole article to Beauty and Water sometime soon. Which makes me think of soap, which given to the right person makes an acceptable remembrance. But be very careful to whom you give it. Where one woman would be overjoyed to receive a supply or even one cake of fine soap, another woman might be very much offended. But there is so much pleasure bound up in a silky, delicately-scented soap that it is a luxurious as well as a practical gift. Elizabeth Arden's lovely soaps offer an excellent selection in sizes, types and scents. Those Spanish soaps of Myrurgia are especially lasting. And when in 'doubt you can always depend on that clever wooden bowl of soap put up by Yardley. Wonderful for the large family where it is really a problem to keep soap in the bath room. It seems to last forever and comes with a specially designed brush made of Chinese fibre. Children love it for it floats in the tub like a gallant, wooden boat. Put up in a grand Christmas package it is \$7.50. There are smaller sizes. This is a nice gift to give your own family. For kiddies there are many new kinds of animals made of soap guaranteed to make a bath resemble a big game hunt. And to you and every member of your family comes a big, big wish for the happiest of Christmases—from the Beauty Editor of SILVER SCREEN.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF SILVER SCREEN, published MONTHLY at NEW YORK, N. Y., for October 1, 1931, State of New York, County of NEW YORK, ss. Before me, a NOTARY in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared ALFRED A. COHEN, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the BUSINESS MANAGER of the SILVER SCREEN and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, INC., 45 WEST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.; Editor, ELIOT KEEN, 45 WEST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.; Managing Editor, ELIOT KEEN, 45 WEST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.; Business Manager, ALFRED A. COHEN, 45 WEST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. 2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, INC., 45 WEST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.; WILLIAM GALLAND, 1133 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. ALFRED A. COHEN, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 3rd day of October, 1931. NATHAN REIGROD, N. Y. Co. Clk's No. 55, Reg. No. 3R65, Commission expires March 30, 1933. (SEAL.)

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The Final Thing

IF, AS, and when, as the lawyers say, Constance Bennett marries the Marquis de la Falaise, every fan will wish to know the details. Phil Plant's money and Gloria Swanson will come in for consideration and discussion. But if one should ask Connie a question or two, one would be informed that the public has no right to know of these things. The movie-goers may discuss the screen appearance, beauty, ability and faults of the actress because these things are offered in exchange for their money, but her off-screen life is her private affair.

That's ridiculous.

When we see Connie in "Bought" on the screen as a pleasure loving girl determined to get the things money can buy, we are so carried away with her performance that we feel this indeed is the true Connie. But we do not quite approve of such a moral outlook and before we condemn or excuse her we must know if this was only "in the picture". And so we withhold some of our admiration until we know what kind of a girl she really is.

As a matter of fact, the more the public can know about Connie and the others, the more their dramatic talents will be appreciated.

And why shouldn't the fans know? The stars are lovely, talented, refined, hard-working, ambition-ridden girls with nothing to hide.

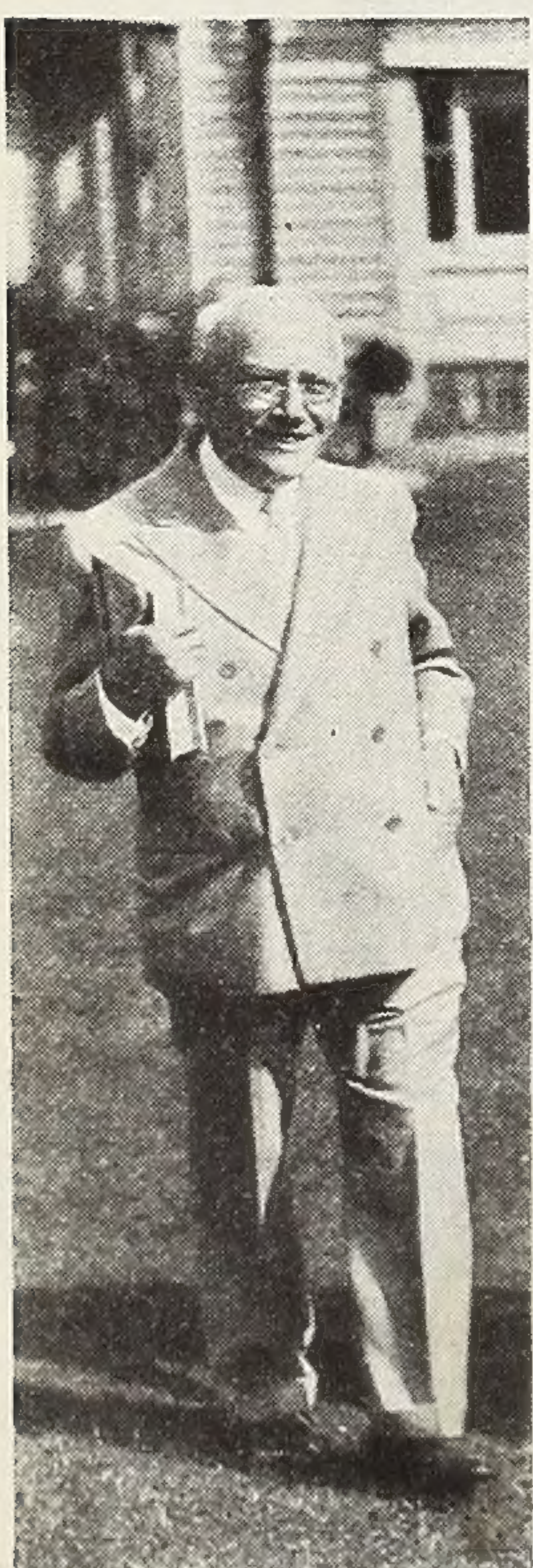
After all, an invisible host of the good wishes of a million fans will attend the nuptials. Surely the beneficent effect of such a gallery is well worth the information that the groom wore the conventional black.

Come on, Constance—tell all.

* * *

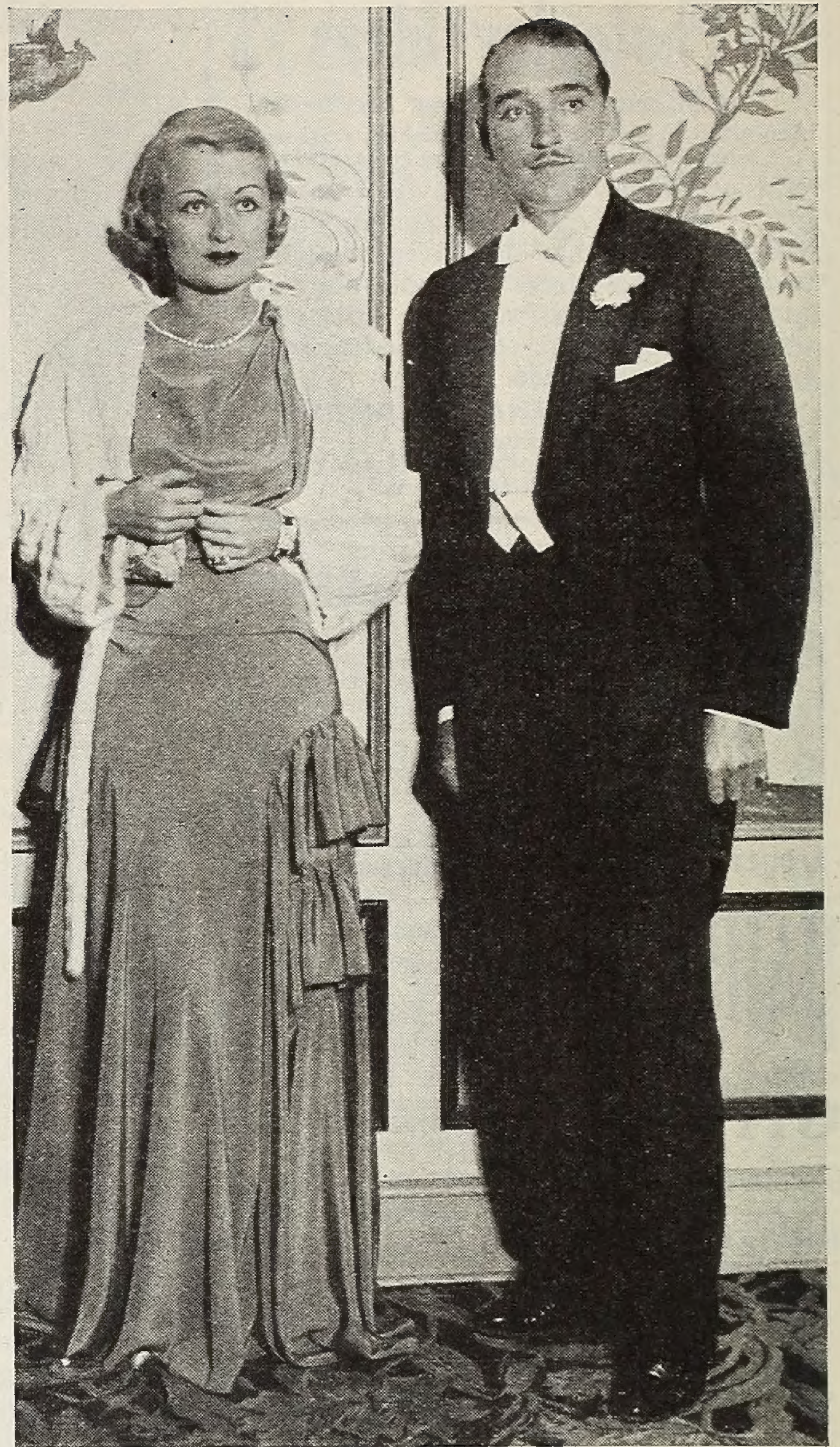
WHEN we saw "Wicked" the other day we experienced again the Miracle of the movies. While Elissa Landi was fine and McLaglen surprising, the miracle worker was Una Merkel. When she appeared the hush of delighted expectancy held the Roxy audience—giggles rewarded her and even a handclap or two. The picture, for the moment that she was on the screen, awakened from the dream of "pretending", sat up and came to life. It was her delightful personality. Personality then is the secret of the movies. Not the part, not the plot.

Una Merkel is charming. To see her is to live a happier day.



Wide World

"Uncle Carl"
Laemmle



International

Connie and the Marquis

THE accompanying photo of "Uncle Carl" Laemmle is printed as our contribution to the literature of the Depression.

Ever a pioneer, the master of Universal pictures senses that the worst is over. The other day he ordered that all the salary cuts be cancelled and that full pay henceforth be restored to his happy employees.


Hail "Uncle Carl"! He is the first robin on the lawn and may his song become universal.

* * *

THE screen does one thing anyhow. It lifts you out of the rôle that you really play in life and leads you through thrilling, emotional by-ways of imagination. And curiously, though hundreds of thousands see the same shadow figures, there is a laugh and a tear for the last fan as well as the first, from the inexhaustible supply.

Our Christmas wishes are like that. Though we are but one and our readers are over a million, here's a wish for each—May your Christmas be a happy one.

The Editor



Take these 3 easy steps to INSTANT Loveliness . . .



WHEN purchasing Maybelline Eye Shadow, select Blue for all shades of blue and gray eyes; Brown for hazel and brown eyes; Black for dark brown and violet eyes. Green may be used with eyes of all colors and is especially effective for evening wear. Encased in an adorably dainty gold-finished vanity, at 75c.



Maybelline preparations may be obtained at all toilet goods counters. Maybelline Co., Chicago

Millions of women instantly gain added charm and loveliness with these three delightful, easy-to-use Maybelline preparations. They use *Maybelline Eye Shadow* to accentuate the depth of color of their eyes and to add a subtle, refined note of charming allure. Four colors: Black, Brown, Blue, and Green.

Then—they use *Maybelline Eyelash Darkener* to instantly make their lashes appear dark, long, and beautifully luxuriant—to make their eyes appear larger, more brilliant and bewitchingly inviting. There are two forms of Maybelline Eyelash Darkener: Solid form and the waterproof Liquid; either in Black or Brown.

The third and final step is a touch with *Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil* to artistically shape the brows. You will like this pencil. It is the clean, indestructible type, and may be had in Black and Brown.

Take these three easy steps to instant loveliness *now*. Begin with the Eye Shadow, follow with the Eyelash Darkener, and finish with the Eyebrow Pencil. Then, from the height of your new found beauty, observe with what ease you attained such delightful results. This radiant transformation is achieved only by using genuine Maybelline products. Insist upon them.

Maybelline

EYELASH DARKENER EYE SHADOW EYEBROW PENCIL

Instant Beautifiers for the Eyes

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you can give*
FRESH
cigarettes

NEVER before at Christmas could you give what you can send to friends this year—because this is the first Christmas of Camel Cigarettes in the Camel Humidor Pack.

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Contrast that with the bite-and-burn of dried-out or parched dry tobaccos, and you'll know why Camels make such a welcome gift.

No matter how many miles you send them, no matter if someone else happens to send Camels too—the fine Turkish and mild Domestic tobaccos in Camels will keep mild and cool and throat-easy, thanks to the *moisture-proof* wrapping which seals Camel flavor in the Camel Humidor Pack.

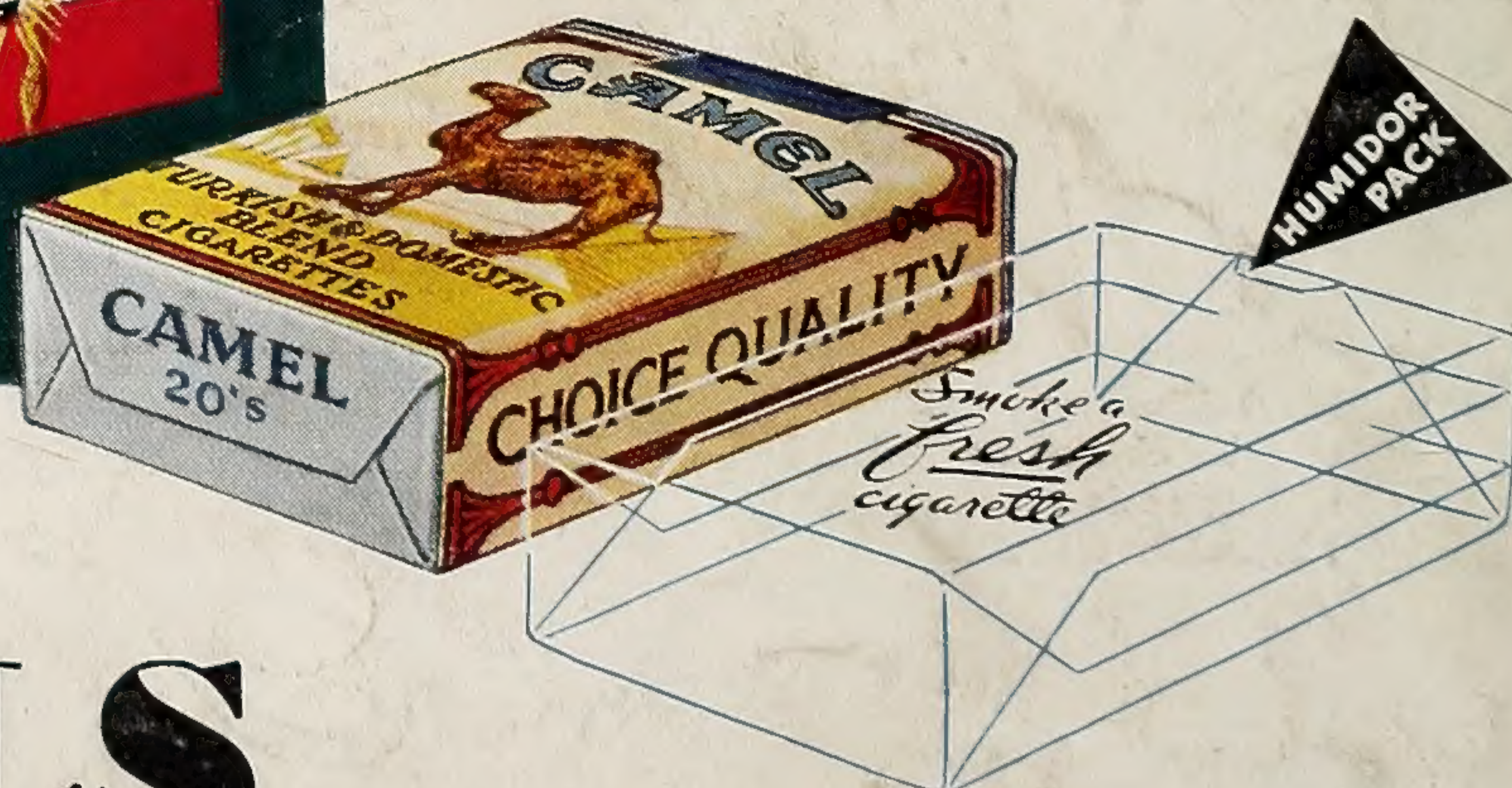
Be smart this Christmas. Make your shopping easy — and your gifts welcome by sending Camels straight through the list.

Tune in CAMEL QUARTER HOUR featuring Morton Downey and Tony Wons — Camel Orchestra, direction Jacques Renard — Columbia System — every night except Sunday

● Don't remove the moisture-proof wrapping from your package of Camels after you open it. The Camel Humidor Pack is protection against perfume and powder odors, dust and germs. Even in offices and homes, in the dry atmosphere of artificial heat, the Camel Humidor Pack delivers fresh Camels and keeps them right until the last one has been smoked



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